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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF *ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.*

The Twentieth Number.

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF RICHMOND.

CHARLOTTE LENOX, the present Duchess of Richmond, is the third daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Gordon. Her Grace was married September 9th, 1789, to Colonel Lenox, now Duke of Richmond, by whom she has a very numerous family.

Upon the death of the late Duke of Richmond, who died at an advanced period of life, and without legitimate issue, his title and fortune devolved upon his nephew, General Lenox, the present Duke.

His Grace represented the county of Sussex in several Parliaments, and had always been warmly attached to the party and politics of Mr. Pitt—in truth, his attachment was of a nature more close and affectionate than political alliances generally are. He maintained his connection with Mr. Pitt at a time when his uncle, the late Duke, was extremely hostile to the conduct of that minister; and though General Lenox was chosen member for the county of Sussex almost solely upon the Richmond interest, he did not on that account hesitate to vote against the opinion of his uncle, or to preserve his independence at the hazard of his interest.

Upon the dissolution of the late ministry, when the friends and adherents of Mr. Pitt were again called to the helm of power, the Duke of Richmond was not forgotten. An offer was immediately made to him of the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland. His Grace accepted the office, and his brother-in-law, the Duke of Bedford, was immediately recalled. It may here be remarked, that the recall of his Grace the Duke of Bedford was softened to his feelings as much as possible; and in being thus superseded by a near relation, the dignity might be considered as still continuing in the same family.

The Duchess of Richmond accompanied her husband to Dublin a few months since; and is, of course, still in the Irish metropolis.

As a public character we have little to say of her Grace. Her conduct is worthy of her rank, and her affability and good humour make her equally beloved and respected.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE PRESENT QUEEN OF SPAIN.

Louisa Maria Theresa, Queen of Spain, was born a Princess of Parma on the 9th of December, 1751; she was married to his present Spanish Majesty, Charles IV. on the 4th of September, 1765, and is the mother of three sons and three daughters. Had her royal consort the character of his ancestor, Louis XIV. his people would have been happy, and the independence of his kingdom respected; he would not then have suffered himself to be ruled by a weak Princess, governed in her turn by a still weaker favourite, the imbecile upstart, the Prince of Peace; whose pernicious influence has brought disgrace on his Sovereign, and ruin on his fellow subjects. As this personage is by the impolitic partiality of the Queen become of great consequence in the actual concerns of Europe, some particulars respecting his origin, the progress and the causes that have contributed to his advancement, must necessarily find a proper place in this sketch.

Don Manuel Godoy de Alvarez, Prince of Peace, was born on the 8th of March, 1767, at Badajoz, in the province of Estramadura, of very obscure parents. Early in life he was sent to Madrid with his eldest brother Louis, to serve in the King's life guards as common soldiers, his family not having sufficient means to support them as cadets in the army. Don Manuel remained in the guards in obscurity until his brother's banishment. It took place in consequence of information received by the late King, which induced a suspicion that the Queen, then a Princess of Asturias, was particularly attached to him. So much was Charles III alarmed by the intelligence, that he ordered Louis to be exiled from Madrid for life, and he was allowed but two hours to prepare for his departure. He was strictly enjoined never to approach within twenty five leagues of the court. He obtained, however, a company of the provincial militia in the place of his birth, with a cross of the military order of Alcantara. During his exile, which continued until the King's death in 1788, Louis had many valuable presents sent him by the Princess of Asturias. These presents were conveyed to him by Manuel, who was introduced to the Princess by the Duchess of Alva, under pretence of hearing him play and accompany on the guitar, which he did, as the Spaniards term it, *con gracia*. On the death of Charles III. the same courier who brought this news into the district where he resided, also brought him his pardon, with the commission of a colonel in the life guards, and orders to repair to Madrid without delay.

Almost immediately after the return of Louis the elevation of Manuel commenced. A new appointment was created for him, that of adjutant-general of the life guards, with the rank of a major-general in the army. He had not held that situation long, when he was raised to the rank of a lieutenant-general, and created a Grandee of Spain of the first class, under the title of Duke of Alcadia, the King granting him the royal domains of Alcadia, together with the revenues of the most valuable of the four military orders. His power soon became so considerable, that the proudest Grandees found it necessary to solicit his influence to obtain even ordinary favours from the court. Even the grand council of Castile, with the philosopher and patriot Count D'Aranda at its head, could make no stand against him. At the commencement of the war with the regicides of France in 1793, the pusillanimous opinion of the council of Castile was in favour of defensive operations; that the several passes of the Pyrennean mountains should be strongly guarded, and the army considerably augmented, before a thought should be entertained of sending any force into the French territory. But the Duke of Alcadia thought otherwise, and his opinion prevailed. The council of Castile was dissolved for presuming to resist it, and Count D'Aranda was banished to Saragossa.

The war with France had, from its beginning, been badly conducted by Spain, and the critical situation of that country, in the year 1795, compelled the Duke of Alcadia to change his plan, and to think only of the means of repairing the injury the nation had sustained through his rashness and folly. A peace was called for by the people, as they seemed to believe that it would heal all their wounds. Peace, upon any terms, appeared to the superficial mind of the Duke of Alcadia the best expedient that could be adopted. He, therefore, precipitately concluded a treaty with regicide France equally disadvantageous and dishonourable. It left the Spanish monarchy at the mercy of the French republic, with a territory abridged, her resources considerably diminished, her army almost broken down, and her spirit nearly exhausted. The popular joy and gratitude, however, was extreme; and the King, instead of punishing an ignorant and presumptuous minister, conferred upon the peacemaker the title of Prince of Peace!

The differences with Portugal in 1801 afforded him a safe opportunity to indulge his new-born ambition for military honours and exploits. Accordingly, at the commencement of the campaign, he boldly took the command, well informed that the Portuguese had no means of resistance against the forces with which they were assailed by France and Spain at the same time. This generalissimo had never even witnessed an engagement; and, from the nature of his education, could have but a slight idea, if any, of the theory of military tactics.

Perhaps there is not to be found, among the many incapable members of the cabinets of most Princes of Europe, a person inferior in talent, or any mental acquirements, to the Prince of Peace. But the exclusive favour of the Queen, who has procured him the favour of the King, supplies all defects, overlooks all errors, and bestows all advancements. His abilities are the object of universal ridicule among the enlightened men of Spain, and his character is very much despised by the ancient and more respectable part of the nobility. In opposition to their wishes, and to counteract their jealousy, he has made a vast addition of upstarts, like himself, to the *noblesse* of Spain. No man of learning has ever experienced his patronage, no merit has ever obtained his rewards, and no patriotism his protection. He is entirely surrounded by his own creatures, among whom there is not one of reputed or even common capacity.

In providing for his relations, however, he has been nearly as extravagant as Napoleon Bonaparte. Every person who can claim the least affinity to him, either direct or indirect, lineal or collateral, is sure of a good place, whatever his abilities may be. The first offices in the country are occupied by his relations. His father, who has scarcely learnt the first elements of education, now fills one of the highest situations in Spain. His elder brother is Viceroy of Mexico and the West Indies, and his younger brother, Diego, who is almost literally an ideot, has been promoted to the rank of a captain-general in the army, with large pensions.

It has surprised many that the Prince of Peace, with all his numerous deficiencies, has been able to preserve himself so long in favour at a court, which for centuries has furnished, by the capricious inconstancy of its choice with regard to favourites, materials both for romances and tales, for history, and for the drama. But during the first warmth of the friendship of the King, and of the attachment of the Queen, he took care to clear the court, from the first lord in waiting down to the lowest valet, of every person whom he suspected of envy at his elevation, or whose fidelity he doubted. Those he could or dared not dismiss or disgrace, he removed by advancement into distant provinces, or sent them with liberal pensions to reside in the country. He observed the same conduct with regard to the offices of the ministers of state; where the most inferior clerks, messengers, and attendants, as well as the chief secretaries, all are indebted to him for their places. Such is his jealousy and precaution, that nobody is admitted to the presence of their Spanish Majesties, who has not previously asked and received his approbation and consent. Like all other ignorant people he is governed by prejudices, and tormented by illiberal and superstitious notions. Every body who is not born a Spaniard he despises; and those who are not members of the Church of Rome, he hates under pretence of pitying them. He thinks that all valour, honour, and virtue, on the other side of the Pyrennean Mountains are artificial; and that all religion, not acknowledging a Roman Pontiff for its visible chief, and the Vicar of Christ upon earth, is not only condemnable and dangerous, but false. He makes no distinction between the faith of the Protestant, or the creed of the Mussulman. In his opinion they are both infidels, and as such, undeserving confidence in this world, and certain of damnation in the next.

The confessor of the King and of the Queen is also the confessor of the Prince of Peace, who generally every Saturday (but never less than twice a month) eases the burden of his mind before the reverend father, and receives his absolution. All persons who desire to continue in his good graces must imitate his devout example.

His nurse, on whom he bestows a pension of four thousand dollars, resides with him at Madrid, as well as in the royal palaces in the country.— Her sole occupation is to interpret his dreams, she having, when he was a baby, from one of hers, predicted that he should become a *great* man! His first occupation every morning is to write down what he has dreamt in the night, and to give it to her, that he may have an explication before he goes to bed again. In his day dreams, during his nap after dinner, in the afternoon, he has no confidence nor she any power to comprehend them. He is so jealous of this precious talent, that he was near turning her off for having once gratified the curiosity of the Princess of Peace on this interesting subject.

His annual revenue, from his numerous places and pensions, and from the many estates given him by royal bounty, amounts to five hundred and fifty thousand dollars, about one hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds. But as he is the master of the royal treasury, no other boundary is set to his expences or cupidity, but his own discretion. He is supposed to have placed

several considerable sums in the public funds of England, France, and Holland, in his own name or in that of his wife. This lady is a daughter of an uncle of the King, whose marriage with a subject was regarded as a *mésalliance*, and never confirmed by the late or present King. So great, however, is his authority, that she is how admitted at court with all the honours and distinctions due to a Princess of the blood.

Such are some of the traits and particulars of a person, who, by his shameful power over the Queen, has reduced the Spanish monarchy to a tributary state of France. By his dangerous incapacity and impolitic conduct, the throne of Madrid is suspended between a revolution daily dreaded, and the burden of a disgraceful war, which has neither object nor motive, in which success would hasten the ruin of the King, and in which every defeat deserves to be celebrated with a *Te Deum*. Thanks to the Prince of Peace, it is in this deceitful position, it is in the arms of the assassins of his family, that the King of Spain drags his existence, a prey to the perturbation of his mind, the ignorance and indecisions of his ministers, the complaints, the misery of his subjects; to anxiety for the present and to terror for the future. Slumbering beneath a roof of poignards, this monarch, bound by the ties of an unnatural alliance, can neither break them, nor suffer them to remain unbroken without danger; can neither make peace nor support war. His allies are his scourges, his enemies are his protectors. He would cease to be a King were the English to cease being victorious. Long ago would Bonaparte and Talleyrand have struck off the King of Spain from among the number of crowned heads; long ago would their regicide and liberticide politics have disposed of the states of this monarch, had not the imposing force of Great Britain, the fear of a new coalition, and the temporary necessity of recurring to artifices, postponed this event.

The weakness of the Queen of Spain, in the choice of her favourite, is the only error with which she is reproached. She is an affectionate wife, a tender mother, a faithful friend, and a generous and good sovereign. Not entirely free from the Italian superstition imbibed in her youth, nor from the Spanish bigotry, which a long residence in Spain has almost naturalized; she is, however, tolerant and endearing, more so than either her royal consort or her princely favourite. That her liberal principles and sound judgment have restrained the inhuman authority and cruel and persecuting spirit of the so much dreaded Spanish inquisition, suspended if not abolished its judicial murders, is reported in Spain, and believed in most other countries. The fanatics at Rome alone do the Prince of Peace the honour of accusing him of impiety for this act, not of philanthropy but of justice.

Both when at Madrid, and in the royal palaces in the provinces, the King and Queen always sleep in the same room in different beds, and often the Prince of Peace obtains the honour of having his bed placed by the side or between the beds of his royal master and mistress. During the journey to the frontiers of the kingdom in 1796, where the King and Queen went to meet their daughter and son-in-law, the Princess and Prince of Brazils, the bed of the Prince of Peace was every night, in every house where they rested, placed between those of his royal Sovereigns, having the Queen on his right and the King on his left hand. From the known religious and moral sentiments of the royal couple, and their mutual affection and regard, what in other countries would have excited ridicule, if not scandal, was in Spain merely considered as a proof of their reciprocal confidence and friendship for their favourite.*

The Prince of Peace, though the real, is no longer the nominal prime minister of Spain. In critical affairs, or when transactions of great consequence are upon the eve of being decided, he however always condescends to entertain foreign ambassadors with his dulness, in his private audiences. Don Pedro Cevallos is the first secretary of state for the foreign department. Don Joseph Antonio Caballero is the minister of justice, and has *ad interim* the portfolio of the war department. Don Domingo de Grandallana is the chief minister of the navy, and Don Miguel Cayetan Soler is the minister of the finances. All these ministers are obliged to communicate their reports, plans, or proposals, to the Prince of Peace and the Queen, before they lay them before the King; who approves of them and signs them as soon as he hears that they have not been objected to by his royal consort. It is impossible to pay a greater compliment to the superior genius of the Queen of Spain.

* Le Voyageur Italien, vol. iii. p. 125. In the summer of 1797, the author met with Count de L—— at Paris, who is a Brabant nobleman by birth, but a superior officer of the Walloon guard of the King of Spain. He confirmed what has been said ef the *etiquette* of placing the bed of the favourite in the middle. He was one of the officers on duty during this journey, and spoke of it as nothing extraordinary, or rather as an ordinary occurrence.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

CAMIRE.

AN AMERICAN TALE.

I WAS one day reproaching a Spaniard, lately arrived from Buenos-Ayres, with the cruelties which his countrymen had committed on their first conquests in America. I recalled to mind, with horror, the crimes which had tarnished the glory of a Cortez, a Pizarro, and many other heroes who have, perhaps, by their talents and valour, surpassed all that we admire in the ancients; and regretted, that so glorious an epocha in the Spanish history should be recorded on blood-stained pages.

My friend had hitherto listened to me with patience; a tear rolled down his cheek when I pronounced the name of Las-Casas. "He is our Fenelon," exclaimed he, "he did not compose Telemachus, but he explored America to save a few Indians; and traversed the seas to defend their cause at the council of Charles the Fifth, as the Archbishop of Cambray did that of the Protestants, whom the French also massacred in the Cevennes. They were still persecutors at the end of Louis the Fourteenth's reign: and what were we? What was Europe in the 16th century ever to be commemorated by our great discoveries, by the flourishing state of the fine arts in Italy, by the new sects in Germany, and by the crimes of every country? Our neighbours, the Portuguese, put to the sword those they conquered on the coast of Malabar, on the borders of Ceylon, in the promontory of Malacca. The Dutch, who drove them away, were not less cruel. In Sweden, the Northern Nero, and the Archbishop of Upsal, were assassinating the senators and citizens of Stockholm. In London the pile was lighted for the Lutherans and Catholics; and the scaffold was already erected, which was to be sprinkled with the blood of four Queens.* At Paris, you doubtless remember the name of the Guises, and the horrid night of the 24th of August, 1572. I will say no more, let us not reproach each other: we have all been barbarians, but leave to history the melancholy employment of recording the crimes of our forefathers, and let us, if possible, only recall to our minds their good deeds, and endeavour to imitate them. You have repeated to me the terrific detail of the conquest of Peru: I was but too well acquainted with it; allow me to relate to you, in my turn, the manner in which we acquired Paraguay. This recital will be less irksome, and may, perhaps, inform you of some circumstances which are not related in history.

Not knowing well how to answer, I determined to listen; and the Spaniard commenced in the following words:—

Travellers have made the world acquainted with that extensive and delightful country, situated between Chili, Peru, and the Brasils. The gold and silver mines which it contains are the least of its treasures. The mildness of its climate, the fertility of its lands, the majestic course of its rivers, its immense forests, the productions of Europe united with those of America, the abundance of its fruits and of every useful animal, make the inhabitants of Paraguay enjoy, almost without cultivation, all the gifts which nature has shared among the rest of the world. Sebastien Cabot was the first who explored it, in the year 1526, while sailing up the river which he called Rio de la Plata. The bars of silver, which the natives offered the Spaniards, soon attracted other navigators. Buenos-Ayres was built, some fortifications were erected in the interior of the country; and, at last, a settlement was formed at a place called the Assumption, on the borders of the river Paraguay.

The natives, at the sight of our soldiers, had abandoned their country, particularly the Guaranis, a numerous and powerful people, who fled amidst inaccessible mountains, the roads to which were totally unknown to us. Several detachments had endeavoured to penetrate into them, but our warriors perished in the attempt, either through hunger or the arrows of the savages. Thus all communication was shut between the Spaniards and the Guanaris; the lands remained in their uncultivated state; and the colony, reduced to ask succour of Europe, could not prosper.

It was in this unhappy situation, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, when Don Fernando Pedreras was sent there as governor. A man of his character was not fit to recall the Guaranis; the haughty and tyranical Pedreras wished that every one should bow beneath his

* Anna Bullen, Catherine Howard, Jane Grey, and Mary Stuart.

laws. Proud of his authority, and incited by the desire of augmenting his wealth, avarice and pride were the sole inmates of his heart. He was soon detested by the colonists; and the few Indians, who now and then brought provisions, soon totally disappeared to join the Guaranis.

Amongst the last missionaries arrived at Buenos-Ayres was an old Jesuit, called Father Maldonado. Never did there exist a worthier priest, nor did the word of God issue from purer lips.

It was neither ambition nor remorse that had led him to seek the sanctuary of the cloister. Maldonado, pious from his infancy, endowed by nature with a mild and tranquil soul, only alive to benevolence, and who only sought for peace and virtue, had taken the vows at the age of eighteen, to enjoy the one, and preserve the other. From that moment his life had been devoted to the relief of humanity, in seeking the unfortunate, as an affectionate heart seeks for friends. Rich in the possession of a considerable patrimony, he had dissipated it little by little in sharing it with the afflicted; and at the age of sixty he perceived he had nothing remaining, and then begged of the King to send him to America. "I have nothing more to bestow," said he: "let me quit a country where I behold my fellow-creatures in want; at Peru every one possesses gold, but they know not the gospel, I will preach it to them, and it is a rich treasure I shall distribute among them.

On his arrival at the Assumption, Father Maldonado was astonished to find, instead of the Indians he came to convert, nothing but christians, who stood greatly in need of consolation. He was the more zealous; hastened to visit the colonists, and found the means of gaining their confidence, listened to their complaints, relieved them, and became their advocate towards their inflexible governor. The good Jesuit was blessed by all, and even respected by Pedreras, who since his arrival had displayed less tyranny, for it is in the nature of virtue, and perhaps its recompence, to render better all those who approach it.

One day as Maldonado was walking alone, at some distance from the town, while ascending the banks of the river, he heard screams and sobs, and distinguished on the edge of the water a naked child, violently agitated, by the side of a man who was lying on the ground. Maldonado ran towards the child; who was a boy of about twelve or thirteen; his face bathed in tears, he sobbing embraced, and endeavoured to animate the lifeless body of a man apparently between thirty and forty, naked like the child; his hair wet and in disorder, and bearing on his pale face the marks of long fatigue, and a painful death.

As soon as the child perceived Maldonado, he ran to him, knelt before him and embracing his knees, and fixing his eyes upon him, his countenance seemed to express piety, affection and despair, he pronounced a few words in a faultering voice, which the Jesuit could not understand, the language being unknown to him, but which did not the less affect the worthy father. He raised the child and allowed himself to be led towards the body, which he examined and found perfectly cold and lifeless. The unhappy boy contemplated the Jesuit, attentively watched all his motions, and continued to speak to him in his unintelligible tongue; but when he comprehended by Maldonado's gestures that all hope was fled, he threw himself on the dead body, kissed it a thousand times, tore his hair, then suddenly starting up rushed precipitately towards the stream.

Notwithstanding his age, Maldonado, swifter than the child, caught and held him in his arms, and forgetting that the young savage could not understand him, sought to calm his grief with consoling words. As he wept while speaking the child comprehended his meaning; returned his caresses, always pointing to the corpse, while pronouncing the name of Alcaipa, then turning towards the river, he pronounced that of Guacolde; he laid his hand on his heart and bent over Alcaipa, then again turned to the river and repeated several times Guacolde. Maldonado who sought to read his thoughts, soon comprehended that the dead savage was his father, and was called Alcaipa; but he could not make out why the child always extended his arms towards the river, while calling on the name of Guacolde.

After several hours spent in useless efforts to engage the child to accompany him to the town, Maldonado who would not leave him, fortunately perceived a soldier passing, and desired him to go to the Assumption and seek for assistance.

The soldier obeyed, and soon returned with the surgeon of the hospital, who examined the body and confirmed the Jesuit's opinion, that it was dead. At the entreaty of Maldonado the surgeon and soldier dug a grave in the sand, where they laid the corpse, while the good father forcibly held the boy, who redoubled his tears and lamentations.

Maldonado at last succeeded in conducting the young savage to his home; lavished on him the most soothing caresses, offered him food, and after much difficulty, prevailed on him to take a small quantity. The child did not appear insensible to his kindness; but often kissed his hands, and looking mournfully in his face, would again begin to weep. Thus he passed the night without closing his eyes. As soon as the dawn appeared, he made signs that he wished to go out. Maldonado opened the door and followed him. The boy bent his steps towards the spot where his father was interred. When he reached

it, he knelt on the grave, kissed it several times and remained for a considerable space prostrate upon it. He afterwards arose and performed the same ceremonies beside the river; then returning to the Jesuit, he raised his eyes to heaven, pronounced mournfully the names of Alcaipa and Guacolde, made a sign which seemed to express that they no longer existed; and threw himself into the arms of Maldonado, as though to make him understand that having lost every thing on earth he gave himself to him.

The good father's benevolent attentions soon won the savage boy's affection: as mild as he was grateful, he seemed to delight in obeying his commands, and even sought to anticipate them. He consented to wear clothing, and accustomed himself with little trouble, to habits which he did not understand, and which often were repugnant to him. But a sign from his benefactor reconciled him to every thing. Endowed with a lively understanding and an excellent memory, he very soon knew enough Spanish to comprehend the Jesuit. The first word he learned, and which struck him particularly when he knew its signification, was that of father, by which every one addressed Maldonado: O my father, said he, I had lost the hope of ever again pronouncing that name: but it is to thee I owe this happiness; and I see you are the best of men, for every one call you their father.

As soon as he could answer the good Jesuit's questions, he informed him of his birth and his misfortunes; it was at the tomb of his departed sire that the youthful savage related his history.

"My name is Camire," said he; "I belong to the nation of the Guaranis, whom your brethren the Spaniards have driven from these plains, and who now inhabit the woods behind those blue mountains. I was the only child of Alcaipa and Guacolde. They had been tenderly attached to each other all their lives, and since my birth all their affection was centered in me. When my father took me to the chase, my mother accompanied us; and when my mother detained me at home, my father remained also with us. My days were spent with them and at night I reposed in their arms. If I was happy they did not fail to be the same, and our hut re-echoed with their songs; if I was ill, they were overwhelmed with grief, and if I slept, they gazed upon me, and my slumbers gave them repose.

"A nation called the Brasilians who I supposed had been drived away by your brethren, came and attacked us in our forests. A battle was fought, and the Brasilians triumphed. My father and mother, obliged to fly, hastily built a canoe of bark, in which we placed all that we possessed, which consisted of two hammocks, a net, and two bows; we then embarked on the great river, without knowing where to land, for the Brasilians were behind us, and we trembled at the thoughts of advancing towards thy countrymen.

"The river had overflowed its banks, and in its course carried away large trees: our canoe was overturned. My father supported me with one hand while he swam with the other. My mother who had for some time been ill swam with difficulty, yet she also assisted in sustaining me. But fatigue soon exhausted her strength as well as mine; Alcaipa observed it, placed us both on his back, and swam in this manner for several hours, but could not land on account of the rocks that edged the river. The rapidity of the current dragged him on, he felt himself become weak, but concealed it from us: we were incapable of supporting ourselves above water. At last when we arrived near this plain where the river widening forms a sea, my father exclaimed: we are going to perish my dear Guacolde! I cannot with my double burthen reach the shore. If you had sufficient strength to follow me for a few moments, perhaps——. My mother without hearing any more let go her hold and immediately disappeared crying, save our son! and I die happy.

"I would have followed my mother; but Alcaipa held both my arms in his hand. He made a last effort to cross the river, reached the shore laid me on the sand, kissed me, and fell dead at my feet.

"You my father soon arrived. You know the rest."

The Jesuit could not hear this relation without weeping: he did not endeavour to console the young savage; he did not tell him to dry up his tears, but shed some with him, and Camire's ceased to flow that he might wipe away those of the worthy old man.

Maldonado's paternal affection soon won the heart of the sensible Camire. He studied at his school, and learned to read and write with astonishing facility. The pious missionary spoke to him on the subject of religion, and described it according to his own feelings. His eloquence which flowed from the soul soon reached that of his pupil, who easily believed the good father's words, because he saw him daily put them in practice: he accompanied him to the hospital, to the poor and the sick, when seated on the bed of disease; Maldonado calmed the grief of the unfortunate by his consolatory discourse. But when he shared with the Indians his frugal repast, and even his clothing, and the young savage admired his charity, "My son," would the Jesuit exclaim, this is not sufficient, my god is the father of the poor, of the orphan, of the afflicted; they are his favourite children, it is thus we must assist each other if we wish to please him.

Charmed with these divine precepts, and impatient to follow so pleasing an example, Camire asked to be baptized. This desire filled the missionary's breast with joy, and he flew to acquaint the Governor with it. Pedreras offered to stand god-father to the converted American; all the Spaniards made him presents, and the Jesuit busied himself in endeavouring to insure an independency to his new proselyte.

The credit and consideration which Maldonado enjoyed in the colony, and even in Spain, insured him an easy means of procuring Camire various situations. At sixteen his education was finished, and the Jesuit's pupil learned more than most of the colonists. He understood Latin, was well acquainted with mathematics, well read in history and poetry, as well as all Spanish works of celebrity. His intelligent mind had profited by what he had read; he loved books, and understood them well, and often culled more real philosophy from them than the author himself professed.

Maldonado, whom he astonished by his genius, spoke to him seriously on the necessity of choosing a profession which would lead him to fortune; he proposed to him the study of the law, the army, or commerce, and with his usual indulgence, left him a free choice. Camire thus replied:

"The only error of which I find you guilty, my father! is that of believing that fortune, which you so often mention, can be necessary for my happiness. I know very well from what I have read, and from the information you have given me concerning your Europe, where the whole of nature's gifts only belong to a small part of its inhabitants; where the poor are condemned to serve the rich, to be allowed the right of breathing the air, and feeding on the fruits of the earth—I can easily conceive that in that country every means are employed, just or unjust, to leave the extensive class of those who possess nothing, to become a member of the one that enjoys every thing. But look around you, my father! look at these almost unbounded plains, where the maize, the ananas, and a crowd of other salubrious plants grow before our eyes, almost without cultivation: look at those immense forests, filled with cocoa trees, pomegranate, lemon, and citron trees, and many other delicious fruits, which nature creates with less trouble than you have in repeating their names; all those belong to me, I may enjoy them; and the population of Paraguay will not for a long time be sufficiently great for men to divide this extensive country, name a master for each spot of land, and deprive their successors of the gifts of nature.

"As to those employments, which I know not for what reason you call professions, I will frankly confess that none of those you described pleased me. I do not like your laws, insufficient, uncertain, and often contradictory; of all the books you have made me read it is these I have found the most tedious; and as we never acquire well what we dislike, I will not learn them, nor waste my time as many have done. War makes me shudder. I admire, I love the courageous man, who, if his wife, his children, or country be attacked, takes up arms, and braves death in defence of his brethren: that man is not a warrior, as he is erroneously called in your country; he is a man of peace and justice, for he defends the one and the other. But for me, born a Guarani, to engage my life to sell my blood to the King of Spain, to ravage the earth, or destroy men, according to his will! no, my father, the religion you have taught me prohibits this, and I have yet to learn how your Spaniards accord this profession with their duties as Christians.

"Commerce at first pleased me; I thought it charitable and agreeable to cross the sea, and spend one's life in labour and danger, to carry distant nations the assistance they stand in need of, to share with the large family of mankind the gifts of our common father; but, upon further investigation, I discovered the motives which actuated this charity, I discovered that the honestest merchants did not scruple to give savages deadly weapons, and to intoxicate them with strong liquors, to conclude their bargains to advantage. In short, I have seen them bring Africans from their own country, and here expose them for sale in the market-place, like cattle!—Sell our brethren!—Oh! my father, this is galling commerce!—My friend! I will not be a merchant!

"Let me then remain what I am. You may smile, and make me understand I am nothing; but I assure you I am something, and something tolerably good and tolerably happy; thanks to thy care I enjoy health, a good conscience, and am prepared at this instant to appear before the God of mercy, and the only regret I should feel would be that of leaving you. Innocence, my father! is an excellent profession; allow me to have no other. Beside you, I want for nothing; and if I had the misfortune to lose you, I would return to my woods, there our trees would afford me satisfaction, and thy memory would detain me in the paths of virtue. Let me then enjoy in peace the happiness you have bestowed upon me. We have perused many large books on what men denominate felicity. I could form a little treatise, which might be reduced to these two lines:—To preserve the heart in its native purity, and to know how to renounce those things which are of little consequence."

Maldonado was at a loss for a reply to his young philosopher's arguments. He agreed that the disciple had surpassed the master, and smiling, asked Camire to instruct him in his turn. But it was ordained that this wisdom should soon be put to the test.

A few months previous to this conversation, a ship from Cadiz had brought to the Assumption, a young niece of the Governor's, whom her father, Don Manuel, Pedreras's younger brother, had left a portionless orphan. Her relations thought the best way of getting rid of the incumbrance of a poor girl was to send her to America, where her uncle had the reputation of being rich. Pedreras received her with more surprise than joy; he was at first tempted to send her back to her other relations in Spain, but Maldonado's representations prevented him; he contented himself with making them some very severe reproaches for having troubled him with her, and consented, through a forced humanity, to allow his brother's only child to remain in his house.

It will naturally be imagined that the young lady did not enjoy much happiness with Pedreras; she knew well, and every day observed that she was a weighty burden. Trembling with the fear of irritating her uncle, certain of displeasing him, she kept a strict watch over her smallest actions, paid the most minute attention to his commands, and thought herself extremely happy when she escaped being rebuked. She had just attained her sixteenth year, and was called Angelina, and truly worthy of that name, by her beauty, elegance, amiable disposition, and more particularly by the qualities of her heart, which were inestimable.

It was impossible to see her without feeling an affection for her; those who loved her dared not confess it; her pure soul was devoid of vanity, and the sentiment she inspired was so nearly allied to virtue, that it might be thought one in those who experienced it.

Angelina often sought the solitude of the country. Profiting by the liberty which the colonists enjoyed, followed by a servant, she walked out every evening to contemplate the face of nature, breathe the perfume of flowers, listen to the birds' songs, and admire the setting sun. These were her only pleasures, and sufficed her mild and placid soul, always quick at appreciating the good, and satisfied with her condition.

In her walks she had often remarked a young man, who each day at the same hour repaired to a certain spot, where he remained kneeling for a considerable time, and afterwards returned to the town. Angelina, who had little curiosity, had avoided meeting him; but one evening as she was returning home later than usual, and passed near the spot, a monstrous serpent, of the species called hunters, so common in Paraguay, raised its head above the long grass, and hissing with threatening rage, sprung towards Angelina. The terrified girl screamed aloud, her attendant ran away with all possible haste, and she attempted to follow her; but the serpent pursued her, gained ground, and had nearly reached her, when Camire appeared, holding a leathern sling, the use of which the Peruvians so skilfully understand. He threw the running knot at the reptile's head, then flying with extreme quickness, dragged with him the strangled monster.

Angelina had fainted. Camire approached, assisted her, and recalled her senses; he then supported her tottering frame till she arrived at her uncle's dwelling, received her grateful thanks with blushes, and left her experiencing a mixture of anxiety and confusion which he had never before felt.

He immediately repaired to Maldonado to acquaint him with what had happened. The joy the good Father felt at Angelina's escape, the interest he took in her fate, and all the praises he bestowed on her, augmented Camire's confusion. While listening, he appeared wrapped in thought, and passed a sleepless night. The next morning he asked the Jesuit, with some embarrassment, whether it would not be proper for them to wait on the Governor to inquire after his niece's health. Maldonado agreed, and they repaired to the house. Pedreras received them with much politeness, re-assured them respecting Angelina's health, and invited them to spend the day. The young Guarani again saw the fair Spaniard, conversed freely with her, and inhaled on all sides the consuming flames of love.

The history of Alcaipa, and the praises which the good Jesuit delighted to bestow on his adopted son, were the subject of the conversation. Angelina, who did not lose a word, kept her eyes bent on the ground, a livelier hue overspread her cheeks, and a secret emotion agitated her heart. From Maldonado's recital she comprehended the cause why Camire so often visited the river's banks. His piety and filial love redoubled the gratitude she felt for her amiable deliverer. She was happy that it was he who had snatched her from the arms of danger; and was pleased to be compelled to bestow her esteem on so good a youth, but dared not raise her eyes upon him.

A very short time sufficed the young lovers to make each other sensible of what they felt, and to assure them, without the assistance of words, that their love was mutual. Angelina kept the secret which her eyes had betrayed; but the ingenious Guarani confided all his thoughts to

the Jesuit. In burning words, he described to him the passion which filled his soul, and declared a thousand times that death alone could extinguish it; that he was ready to undertake every thing to become worthy of her hand, and concluded by asking his assistance to attain this happiness.

Maldonado listened to him with grief. "Oh! my son," said he, "how you afflict me, and how many evils do you prepare for yourself. You, who are acquainted with our morals, our customs, our respect for birth, and our passion for riches, can you suppose that the Governor of Paraguay will consent to bestow his daughter on a stranger!—an unknown, who possesses nothing; and whose project is, after my death, to go and live among the savages his brethren. The contempt in which you hold the vain idols which corrupted men adore I have not sought to com bat in you, my son—I have held it sacred; but when a human being pretends, my dear Camire, to be above the errors inherent to humanity, he must renounce love: for that passion is sufficient to place us within the reach of all the prejudices of mortals, and all the caprices of fortune. You excite my pity, my child! all remedies and advice are at present useless; it is hope that you stand in need of, and my affection would vainly seek to mislead me a while in order to deceive you. I only know of one method which might succeed: the Governor's avarice might perhaps make him forget thy birth, if we could give him a large sum of gold; but neither you nor I possess this valuable metal"——

"Gold!" hastily rejoined Camire, throwing his arms round the old man's neck, "rejoice my father! it only depends on me to procure some; the mountains where I formerly lived are filled with it; I know the road which leads to it. I will fetch as much gold as you desire; you shall offer it the Governor, and for so vile a gift he will bestow on me the most beautiful, the most virtuous being of the universe; and this fatal metal, which has been the cause of so many crimes, will still make two people happy."

The good Jesuit, whose heart always beat at the sound of happiness, shared his son's joy. The next day he repaired to Pedreras; but knowing well the character of him he wished to gain over, thought he might be allowed to employ a little cunning. He began by speaking of the difficulty of establishing Angelina in a way suitable to her birth; he then made him understand that by dispensing with nobility she would find husbands that would consider themselves very happy to lay a large fortune at her feet, and even to pay the uncle for the honour of his alliance; and seeing this overture did not displease Pedreras, he concluded by proposing his pupil, with an hundred thousand ducats.

E. R.

[*To be continued.*] p. 74.

A TOUR THROUGH HOLLAND,

Along the Right and Left Banks of the Rhine, to the South of Germany, by Sir John Carr, Author of the Stranger in Ireland; a Tour round the Baltic, &c. Phillips, June 1807.

THE extraordinary successes of the French have, for some time past, almost entirely closed the avenues of the Continent against us; we have heard but little, and that very imperfectly, of the internal policy of those countries which have unhappily fallen under French domination; or, what is equally fatal in its result, under French influence. It is with pleasure, therefore, we turn our attention to a Tour made so lately as during last summer and autumn in that part of Europe, in which the arms or terror of the enemy have so irresistibly prevailed.

This must be our apology for giving, contrary to our practice, an account of this work in the present place.

A short time before Sir John Carr visited Holland, the Dutch, who seem to have been long destined to the broils of war and a variety of revolutions, experienced a new political change; they beheld their government transmuted from a republic into a kingdom, and a new dynasty of princes created for them by that wonderful and malignant spirit which has so long embroiled the repose of the world.

Our Tourist also continued his route along the right and left bank of the Rhine, the latter of which now forms the frontier of the French empire towards Germany; and also through several of the sovereignties which have been incorporated into a confederation, by which the imperial dig-

nity so long exercised by the house of Austria in Germany has been annihilated, and Bonaparte declared chief of a new circle of feudatory princes.

In the preface, Sir John Carr states that the Tour was taken amidst many untoward and embarrassing circumstances, the melancholy effect of war, and therefore trusts that his pages will be perused with indulgent candour. It will naturally be asked under what protection the author ventured upon a foreign and a hostile shore; this we know not better how to explain than in the author's own words, "the public shall be my confessor." "In the summer of the last year, whilst the larger portion of the civilized world was anxiously awaiting the result of our sincere negotiations for a peace, which, alas! the crafty Ministers of Napoleon never intended should be other than mere "*Romans politiques*." The desire of contemplating a country and a race of people to me entirely new, induced me to trespass upon their shores. I resolved upon visiting Holland, although in a state of reluctant war with my own country, of a war which yet permitted to her commerce a few stolen embraces with that of England, and which forced many a pursy Dutchman to lament the separation, and in the narcotic atsmosphere of his consoling pipe, wish for better times. In gratifying my wishes, I was guilty of assuming a character respected in every country, as well for its being most wisely and profitably at peace with all the world, as for its integrity and enterprize.

"I became an American, and by an act of temporary adoption fixed upon Baltimore, in North America, as the place of my nativity." Our author also observes, "The stratagem, if not perfectly blameless, was at least intended to be an inoffensive one, I had no hopes of a peace, and consequently none of seeing Holland in a more regular mode.

"I went not to investigate the nakedness of the land, and by availing myself of its confidence to penetrate the military depôts, the dock, and arsenal of a country not in amity with my own. I abhor the character of the spy moving in a friendly garb, however useful his treachery may be to his employers. My imposition extended no further than to enable me to make a picturesque tour through an almost aqueous kingdom, to view its natives in their ordinary habits, to glide upon their liquid roads, to saunter in their green avenues and flourishing gardens, and trace the wonderful results of that daring and indefatigable ingenuity, which has raised the permanent habitation of man in the ocean, and made successful inroads upon the physical order of the universe." After such a confession, we shall not withhold our absolution.

At Rotterdam, every object particularly striking is properly noticed, particularly the singular manner in which nearly all the houses are built, so as to lean considerably forward in the street, which we do not recollect being noticed by other travellers. We also find (what is generally considered to be otherwise) that mendicity exists in Holland as well as in other countries. Upon this subject Sir John Carr remarks: "I soon found that the received opinion of there being no beggars in Holland, is perfectly erroneous. I was frequently beset by those sons and daughters of sorrow or idleness, who preferred their petition with indefatigable pursuit, but in so gentle tone, that it was evident they were fearful of the police." In his account of this city, some curious and interesting anecdotes are given of the family just raised to the throne of Holland, to which we refer our readers. In speaking of the Dutch language, our author observes: "It is generally understood that the language of Holland is divided into High and Low Dutch, whereas there is but one pure language as in England, which is called Neder Dutch; the language of the Netherlands, or of a country lying very low. In Holland, as in every other country, there is a variety of provincial idioms; for instance, a raw native of Friezland would not be understood at Amsterdam." The Dutch have been long celebrated for the harmony of their chimes, or as they are called carillons, of which the following interesting account is given: "This species of music is entirely of Dutch origin, and in Holland, and in the countries that formerly belonged to her, can only be heard in great perfection.

"The French and Italians have never imitated the Dutch in this taste; we have made the attempt in some of our churches, but in such a miserably bungling manner, that the nerves of even a Dutch skipper would scarcely be able to endure it. The carillons are played upon by means of keys, communicating with the bells, as those of the piano-forte and organ do with strings and pipes, by a person called the Carilloneur, who is regularly instructed in the science; the labour of the practical part of which is very severe, he being almost always obliged to perform in his shirt with his collar unbuttoned, and generally forced by exertion into a profuse perspiration, some of the keys requiring two pounds weight to depress them. After the performance the carilloneur is frequently obliged immediately to go to bed. By pedals, communicating with the great bells, he is enabled with his feet to play the base to several sprightly and even difficult airs, which he performs with both his hands upon the upper species of keys, which are projecting sticks, wide enough asunder to be struck with violence and celerity by either of the two hands edgeways, without the danger of hitting either

of the adjoining keys. The player uses a thick leather covering for the little finger of each hand, to prevent the excessive pain which the violence of the stroke necessary to produce sufficient sound requires. These musicians are very dexterous, and will play pieces in three parts, producing the first and second treble with the two hands on the upper set of keys and the base, as before described. By this invention a whole town is entertained in every quarter of it; that spirit of industry which pervades the kingdom, no doubt originally suggested this sudorific mode of amusing a large population, without making it necessary for them to quit their avocations one moment to enjoy it. The British army was equally surprised and gratified by hearing upon the carillons of the principal church of Alkmaar their favourite air of "God save the King," played in a masterly manner as they entered that town." Sir John Carr observes that the same thrifty spirit, united to the beneficial effects of public and expanded education, preserved the monuments and works of art, in Holland from violence during the fury of the revolution which annihilated the Stadtholderate.

An interesting account is given of the revolution, which changed the republic into a royal government. In the new constitution, which is given nearly at full length, (and which, by the bye, unnecessarily swells the volume), we notice the following striking features: the guarantee of the national debt; the free and unqualified exercise of religion; the predominant, or, as we think, Sir John Carr ought to have called it, the *despotic* authority vested in the King. The establishment of the Salique law, that only natives shall be eligible to any offices under the state, exclusive of those immediately appertaining to the King's household; that the royal revenue shall be two millions of florins, or about two hundred thousand pounds; and that the royal palaces shall be confined to three; namely, the Hague, the Houses in the Wood, and at Soetdyke. As this constitution has not yet had time to shew whether its fruits will be palatable to the Dutch or not, the author contents himself with merely, and we may add perhaps unnecessarily, submitting it to the comment of his readers.

The descriptions of the several towns through which Sir John Carr passed, are enlivened with brief but interesting, and not generally known, anecdotes of the most distinguished among the Dutch painters.

It appears that the Hague has materially suffered by the revolution, much more so than the commercial towns, owing to the resources which they derived from a high and unsubdued spirit of commerce and enterprize, notwithstanding the severity of British blockades, and the vigilance of British cruisers. We also find that the universities here participated in the melancholy effects of war, which has very much reduced the number of its students, by attracting them to the army.

The principal objects in Amsterdam are briefly noticed. In the description of the Stadt House, there is a curious account of the prisons and the state of the prisoners confined in dungeons, which form part of the foundation of that stupendous pile, which must prove interesting to every humane reader.

Of the canals in this great city our author thus speaks:—"the canals of this city are very convenient, but many of them most offensively impure; the uniform greenness of which is checquered only by dead cats, dogs, offal, and vegetable substances of every kind, which are left to putrify at the top, until the canal scavengers remove them; the barges used on these occasions present a very disgusting appearance; the mud which is raised by them forms most excellent manure, and the sum it fetches in Brabant is calculated to be equal to the expence of the voyage. Some of the most eminent Dutch physicians maintain, that the effluvia arising from the floating animal and vegetable matter of these canals is not injurious, and in proof, during a contagious fever which ravaged this city, it was observed that the inhabitants who resided nearest the foulest canals were not infected, whilst those who lived near pure water only in few instances escaped; but this by no means confirms the assertion, because those inhabitants who lived adjoining to foul canals were inured to its contagion, from its habitual application; for the same reason medical men and nurses generally escape infection, from being so constantly exposed to it."

The ladies of Holland are spoken of very handsomely by our Tourist, and are represented as observing the French fashions in their attire. There is a charming anecdote given in the account of the resuscitation societies, of the heroic humanity displayed by the present Emperor of Russia, in saving a poor fellow-creature from a watery grave in Lithuania. Our fair readers will smile at the account given of a very singular establishment, called the work-house of Amsterdam, where "husbands upon complaint of extravagance, drunkenness, &c. duly proved, send their wives to be confined, and receive the discipline of the house; and wives their husbands, for two, three, and four years together."

From Holland Sir John Carr departed for the Rhine, where he met with ample subjects for his pen and pencil.

In the beginning of Chap. 22. a singular adventure which occurred to the author, is related,

in which his liberty, if not his life, was in imminent peril, and displays by what artful stratagems the French police is supported.

A description of the principal cities on the right and left banks of the Rhine, and of their political and social state, since the horrors of war have been removed from them, is given. The author proceeded as far as Darmstadt, when hostilities, which were just commenced against Russia and the state of the Continent, obliged him to return.

The volume is embellished with twenty exquisite engravings by a distinguished artist, from drawings made on the spot by Sir John Carr, and is in no respect inferior to his other productions. Though in some instances the lively imagination of Sir John Carr leads him into the error of verbose composition, and words are sometimes more redundant than ideas;—though the sober narrative of the traveller sometimes condescends to supply original information by the records of magazines and the collections of newspapers; and the simplicity of good sense yields to the unmeaning melody of poetic nonsense,—yet will the lines of Sir John Carr not only amuse the hours of leisure, but improve those of thought.

When the "bird's eye view" which our author takes of a country is considered, the greatest credit is due to his industry and observation, and our wonder is excited, not at his opportunity to see so little, but at his ability to write so much. He appears indefatigable in his study of countries and manners, and his remarks and observations are in general well expressed, penetrating and just. Upon the whole, we recommend this work to the notice of all those who cultivate a spirit of inquiry, and are interested in the state and history of other nations.

AN HISTORICAL ESSAY ON THE SECRET TRIBUNALS IN GERMANY.

The curiosity of the public was strongly excited some years since by the allusions that occur in *Hermann of Unna*, and several other novels, to a powerful society, once existing in Germany under the name of the Secret Tribunals. As no satisfactory account has hitherto been given of the nature and origin of this singular society, we have been led to suppose, that a brief narrative of its institution and original tendency would, by no means, be displeasing. On this presumption we present it to our readers from the third volume of *Veit Weber's* (*Sagen der Vorzeit*) Traditions of Antient Times.

When after a war of thirty-three years, the Emperor Charles I. had subjected the Saxons to the sway of his sceptre, and compelled them to worship the cross, the conquered districts were divided by him into counties and bishoprics. On the conclusion of a peace, in the year 803, the Saxons, amongst other privileges, attained permission to retain their national laws, under the inspection of imperial judges (counts,) and to be entirely exempted from the control of the bishops, except in spiritual matters. Several counties and bishoprics composed a delegate county (*send-grafschaft*), which was superintended by an imperial delegate (*send-graf*), whose office was to watch over the preservation of civil and ecclesiastic order, to unite the private and often clashing interests of the counts and bishops for the Emperor's service.

Invested with the power to decide in matters of appeal from the country and provincial tribunals, and to give judgment, and enforce execution in cases relating to property, personal liberty, breach of the public peace, apostacy, and transgressions committed against the church, they sat in judgment three times a year, in an open field, when all the hereditary proprietors of the district were unexceptionally bound to appear. On these occasions, the ancient national laws of the Saxons, as well as the privileges and restrictions granted by the Emperor, were discussed, the lawful sales of estates confirmed, and all illegal actions committed since the last session, reported. On these heads, the community consulted the decrees of the law, and pronounced decisive sentence, provided every thing were perfectly clear, and no capital crime could be proved.

Illegal actions, at that time, were divided into such as admitted reparation, and such as did not (*ablösliche*, and *unablösliche*). The former, for instance, calumny, manslaughter, &c. might be compensated by fines, whilst the latter, treason, assassination, adultery, &c. were punished with death. In the latter class of offences were comprized, apostacy, sorcery, sacrilege, contempt of the christian festivals, profanation of christian tombs, and conspiracies against the worshippers of the cross. In all cases of this kind, the trial was begun in the public session, but concluded before a private or secret tribunal. The whole community, by right, should have pronounced sentence in open court upon the guilty, but the

superficial knowledge which the incidental owners of hereditary estates might have of the christian religion, rendered them incompetent to decide on the heinousness of the crime; hence, transactions of this nature were not finally decided in public session, and seven judges (*schöffen*) were selected from the community, to inquire, in a secret meeting, into the criminality of such transactions, and to pronounce sentence of death, or decree the payment of a fine, as circumstances might require. In the secret meetings also the judges gave informations of crimes privately committed, and which were reported to them by their spies.

When the criminal, after having been summoned, appeared, and was incapable of making a satisfactory defence, he was condemned either to pay a mulct, or else was sentenced to suffer death. The latter punishment, however, was remitted, if he had previously confessed his crime to a priest, and atoned for it as required by the ecclesiastical law; whilst, in such cases, neither the priest nor judges were permitted to divulge it. The interest of Christianity, which it was the Emperor's wish to recommended, rendered this indulgence necessary to the Saxons. If, however, the accused did not appear, he was out-lawed, and this sentence was communicated to the neighbouring counts, who were called to assist in giving it effect.

Annually a public diet was holden by the Emperor's delegate, in Saxony, to inquire into the state of the Christian religion, and in what manner the magistrates had discharged their duty; as well as to compel the counts and judges to administer justice with impartiality, and to give information of such illegal acts of their countrymen, as had occurred to their knowledge. Besides this diet, he also held special (*gebotene*) sessions, in which judgment was given in matters of appeal, and against such persons as could not properly be prosecuted before the regular judges. The decrees pronounced in these sessions affected the life of the accused. Those who refused to appear, were declared to be outlawed (*vervehmt*), whence, afterwards, arose the denomination of *vehmgericht*, *i. e.* the tribunal by which the criminal was separated from those who enjoyed the ordinary protection of the laws.

If a conclusion may be drawn from a similarity of procedure and tendency in two criminal institutions, it may be concluded, that these two had both a common origin, and that the secret tribunals of Westphalia were continuations of these secret criminal sessions, gradually changed and new-moulded in conformity to circumstances and the wants of the times; although the free knights, actuated by family pride, unanimously maintained, that Charles I. had instituted the secret tribunals in the same form, both external and internal, which it had in the 13th and 14th centuries, and conferred upon them that astonishing extent of jurisdiction, which was gradually wrested from the enfeebled executive authorities.

The Westphalian secret tribunals are first mentioned as generally known in the year 1211, and recorded as having still been in force in the year 1659. They never were formally abrogated; but only lost their influence by degrees, when the sword of justice was again wielded by vigorous hands.

These Westphalian secret tribunals, at first, were only designed for Westphalia, and had no jurisdiction over any other province. The extent of their jurisdiction was limited in the west by the Rhine, in the east by the Weser, in the north by Friesland and the territory of Utrecht, and in the south by the Westerwald (western forest) and Hessia. Tribunals of these secret Westphalian judges (*Freystühle*) were to be found only in the duchies of Guelders, Cleves, and Westphalia, in the principalities of Corvey and Minden, and the Landgraviate of Hessen; in the counties of Benthiem, Limburg, Lippe, Mark, Ravensberg, Rechlinhausen, Rietsberg, Sayn, Waldeck, and Steinfurt; in the signories of Gehmen, Neustadt, and Rheda, and in the territory of Dortmund, a free imperial town.

The Emperor, being supreme judge of all secular courts of judicature in Germany, was also the sole creator and chief of all free tribunals.

Free counties were certain districts, comprehending several parishes, where the judges and counsellors of the secret ban administered justice, conformably to the territorial statutes. A free county generally contained several tribunals subject to the controul of one master of the chair (*stuhlherr*). There masters of the chair, who commonly were secular or ecclesiastical princes, held their appointment by the will of the Emperor, and forfeited it on deciding in matters not coming under their jurisdiction, or deviating in their decrees from the laws of the free tribunals. They appointed the free counts (*freygrafen*), who were presidents of individual tribunals of the secret ban. They were presented to the Emperor for confirmation by the masters of their chair, who were made responsible for them, upon which they were invested with the royal ban, and obliged to swear fealty and obedience to the head of the empire. The latter also could punish the free counts, or deprive them of their office, occupy the seat of a free count in the tribunals, decide in matters of appeal brought before him, inspect and reform the tribunals, and appoint the free knights (*frey*

schöffen), though in the territory of Westphalia alone. He could, indeed, exercise these prerogatives only when himself was initiated; this, however, was generally done by the master of the chair of the Imperial Chamber of Dortmund, on the coronation of the Emperor at Aix-la-Chapelle. If, however, the Emperor was not initiated in the mysteries of the secret tribunals, he could demand of the judges of the secret ban no other answer to his inquiries but *yes* and *no*.

The Duke of Saxony was supreme governor and administrator of the Westphalian secret tribunals, and after the partition of the Duchy of Saxony, was superseded in this function by the archbishop of Cologne. To him also the members of the secret tribunals were obliged to swear obedience. The free-counts, whom he nominated for the duchies of Engern and Westphaly, were subjected to his examination and instruction, and after being invested by the Emperor with the royal ban, were not only installed by him, but made liable to be deprived of their function, at his pleasure, without being permitted to appeal.

Every master of the chair was authorized to prohibit the free-counts of his tribunals, to decide in certain cases, and to grant letters of protection against the proceedings of the latter. He received of every free-judge, admitted as a member of the tribunals subject to his jurisdiction, one mark of gold, if the candidate was of noble descent, if not, a mark of silver. Beside this; he also enjoyed other perquisites, amounting to a considerable sum.

The free-counts (*vehmgrafen*) were required to be begotten in legal wedlock, born in Westphaly, and distinguished as free, unblemished, and respectable men in their community. They promised on oath, at their nomination, to be obedient to the Emperor, the governor and the master of the chair, to discharge the duties incumbent on them as free-counts, to take cognizance of no cause not coming under the jurisdiction of the secret ban; to give to the accused every opportunity of defending himself; to initiate no one whose free and legal birth and unblemished life were not warranted as the statutes required; to promote the good of the sacred Roman empire; not to injure the countries and subjects of their superiors, unless they had lawful authority to do it, and never to oppose the reformation of the secret tribunals. They were intitled to receive thirty guilders of every free-judge admitted as a member of their tribunal, and one-third of all perquisites. Their persons were sacred and inviolable.

The free-knights (*Freyschöffen*, *Vehmschöffen*, *Wissende*) were required to be begotten in legal wedlock, freeborn, of an unimpeached character, resident in the free county, and natives of Westphaly. The number of these free-knights belonging to each tribunal, never was less than seven, nor did it amount to more than eleven. Seven free-knights, at least, were required to compose a plenary-court (*Vollgericht*), in which the final sentence was pronounced. Knights of other tribunals were indeed permitted to be present on these occasions as visitors, but were not reckoned, nor allowed to vote. On their reception they promised on oath: to be faithful in discharging their functions as free-knights; to give information to the secret tribunal of every thing coming under its jurisdiction, perceived by themselves or reported to them by creditable persons, and not to suffer any thing created betwixt heaven and earth, to divert them from the execution of their duty. They also bound themselves to promote the interest of the sacred Roman empire, and to invade the possessions of the masters of the chair and of the free-courts only on legal grounds. After having taken this oath, they were not permitted to reveal even to their confessors the secrets of the tribunal, and on transgressing this law, though only in the most trifling point, were hanged without mercy. They pronounced judgment according to the statutes of the Westphalian secret tribunal, and executed it conformably to the decrees of the free-courts. They knew each other by certain secret signals.

The free-bailiffs (*Freyfrohnen*) performed the office of messengers, and also were required to be freemen, begotten in legal wedlock, and of an unimpeached character.

The original constitution of the secret tribunals did, however, not long continue in force, bastards and wretches of the most abandoned character being admitted. The number of free-knights allowed to every tribunal, was originally limited to eleven, but in a short time in many amounted to fifty and more, who possessed not an inch of landed estate in Westphaly, and were induced by self-interest, ambition, thirst after vengeance, or other disgraceful motives, to join the association. The meeting places of the members of the secret tribunals degenerated into haunts of sanguinary banditti, who indiscriminately assassinated the innocent with the guilty. The masters of the chair being actuated by the most sordid avarice, divided the free-countries into numerous smaller seats of justice, whereby the number of spies and secret informers naturally was encreased to a most alarming degree, and numberless opportunities for fraud, imposition, and extortion were presented. Although they were originally authorized to pronounce sentence only in criminal cases, they interfered in private and domestic affairs, in order to encrease their fees, and contrived to lay even Counts and Princes

under contribution to their avarice. They vowed, on their admission, in the most solemn and awful manner, to judge with incorruptible impartiality, to regard no person, and even to be deaf to the feelings of the heart, in framing their decrees; but, on the contrary, they were swayed by selfishness, accessible to corruption, partial to their friends, and prosecuted their enemies with the most rancorous malice, and prostituted their function by rendering their authority subservient to the gratification of the most brutal lust. They were deaf to the lamentations of calumniated innocence, assassinated their relations to inherit their estates, and were more dreadful to the virtuous than the midnight ruffian. A free-count frequently acted at once as witness and as judge; the spy, informer, witness, and judge, were, in many instances, united in the same person; in short, the abuses which disgraced the secret tribunals, rendered them a real curse to mankind. Towards the close of the 14th, and in the beginning of the 15th century, their power in Germany rose to a most alarming degree; and we may safely maintain that the German empire at that time contained more than an hundred thousand free-knights, who without either previous notice or trial executed every one who was condemned by the *secret ban*. Bavarians, Austrians, Franconians and Suabians, having a demand on any one whom they could not bring to justice before the regular courts of his country, applied to the Westphalian secret tribunal, where they obtained a summons, and in case of non-appearance, a sentence, which was immediately communicated to the whole fraternity of free-knights, a step by which were put in motion those hundred thousand executioners bound by the most dreadful oath to spare neither father nor mother, nor to regard the sacred ties of friendship and matrimonial love. If a free-knight met a friend condemned by the secret ban, and gave him only the slightest hint to save his life by flight, all the other free-knights were bound to hang him seven feet higher than any other criminal. The sentence being pronounced in the secret ban, they were obliged to put it into immediate execution, and not permitted to make the least remonstrance, though they were perfectly convinced that the devoted victim was the best of men, and innocent of the crime alledged against him. This induced almost every man of rank and power to become a member of that dreadful association, in order to be more able to be on his guard. Every Prince had some free-knights amongst his counsellors, and the majority of the German nobility belonged to that secret order. Even Princes; for instance, the Duke of Bavaria, and the Margrave of Brandenbourgh were members of the Secret Tribunal. The Duke William of Brunswick is reported to have said: I must order the Duke Adolphus, of Shleswic, to be hanged, if he should come to see me, lest the free-knights should hang me. It was difficult to elude the proceedings of the free-knights, as they at all times contrived to steal at night, unknown and unseen, to the gates of castles, palaces and towns, and to affix the summons of the secret tribunal. When this had been done three times, and the accused did not appear; he was condemned by the secret ban, and summoned once more to submit to the execution of the sentence, and in case of non-appearance, solemnly out-lawed, when the invisible bands of free-knights watched all his steps till they found an opportunity of taking away his life. When a free-knight thought himself too weak to seize and hang the culprit, he was bound to pursue him till he met with some of his colleagues, who assisted him in hanging him to a tree, near the high road, and not to a gibbet, to signify thereby that they exercised a free imperial judicature throughout the whole empire, independent of all territorial tribunals. If the devoted victim made resistance, so as to compel them to poignard him; they tied the dead body to a tree, fixing the dagger over his head, to show that he had not been murdered, but executed by a free-knight.

Their transactions were shrouded in the most profound concealment; and the signal by which the initiated, or *knowing ones*, as they called themselves, recognized each other, never could be discovered. Their secret proceedings were not permitted to be disclosed to the Emperor himself, although he was supreme master of the chair. Only when he asked, has N. N. been condemned? the free-knights were allowed to reply in the affirmative or negative; but when he enquired who had been condemned by the secret ban? they were not permitted to mention any name.

The Emperor, or his delegate, could create free-knights no where but on the *red soil*, *i. e.* in Westphaly, with the assistance of three or four free-knights who acted as witnesses. In this they likewise resembled the free-masons; and if we consider every tribunal as a lodge, and the supreme master of the chair, as the grand-master of all Westphalian lodges, this comparison is rendered still more striking. The real signification of the term *red soil*, and the reason why it was applied to Westphaly, has not yet been traced out. The King Wenzeslaus, had created free-knights out of Westphaly, and when the Emperor, Ruprecht, asked how they were treated by the regular free-knights, he received the answer, *they are hanged without mercy*.

The Emperor alone, and no other German

Prince, could grant a safe conduct to a person who was outlawed by the secret ban, which was a privilege which Charles the Great had reserved to himself in the Saxon capitulars. The free knights, however, maintained, it was more becoming the Emperor not to grant such letters of protection at all, as he was more interested in strengthening than in weakening the power of the secret tribunals: and in this they were right, as the free counts defended the imperial authority against the encroachments of territorial jurisdiction. The Emperor Sigismund took a certain Conrad of Langen, who was out-lawed by the secret tribunal, in his service, in order to save his life. But the free counts continued to prosecute him, till he at last appealed to the ecclesiastical council at Basle.

Reformations of the numerous abuses which gradually had crept into the secret tribunals, were repeatedly attempted, especially in the years 1404, 1419, 1429, 1435, and 1437; but the corruption had already spread too far, and was rooted too deeply to be removed. They were never formally abolished, and only expired by degrees.

AN ESSAY ON THE EFFECTS OF A WELL-REGULATED THEATRE.

BY F. SCHILLER.

Sulzer observes, in his Theory of the Fine Arts and Sciences, that an universal and irresistible inclination to novel and extraordinary scenes, a desire of feeling ourselves in a state of mental commotion, has given rise to dramatic exhibitions. Being exhausted by a too strenuous exertion of the mental faculties, enfeebled by the sameness and pressure of his professional occupations, and satiated by sensuality, man could not but feel a vacancy in his soul totally repugnant to the unremitting impulse to activity inherent in human nature. Our nature, equally incapable of enduring for any length of time a state of mere animal existence, as of continuing the exertions of the higher faculties without intermission, panted after an intermediate state, uniting these two opposite extremes, relaxing the mind from a too intense bent of its powers, and facilitating the alternate transition from one state to the other. This advantage is invariably produced by a susceptibility of the impressions of beauty. But as a wise legislator should exert himself, above all things, to select from two effects that which is most efficacious, he will not be satisfied with having only disarmed the inclinations of his people, but, if possible, render them instrumental to the accomplishment of noble designs, and endeavour to convert them into sources of happiness. Actuated by these motives, legislators gave the preference to the stage, which opens a spacious field to a mind eager for exertion, affords nourishment to all the faculties of the soul, without overstraining any one of them, and unites the refinement of the understanding and the heart with the most innocent kind of amusement.

The person who first observed that religion is the strongest pillar of the state, and that it alone renders the laws effectual, has by this assertion, perhaps without intending or being sensible of it, defended the stage in the strongest manner. That very insufficiency and instability of positive laws, which render religion indispensably necessary for the state, determines also the whole influence the stage can produce. The laws confine themselves merely to negative duties, whereas religion extends its precepts to real actions. The laws counteract only those effects that dissolve the social bonds by which mankind is united, whilst religion prescribes such actions as render these bonds stronger. The laws decide only upon the visible effects of the will; deeds alone are subject to their exertion, whilst religion extends its jurisdiction to the inmost recesses of the heart, pursuing the thoughts of man to their primary sources. The laws are pliant, and as changeable as the humours and passions of man, whereas the bonds of religion are strong and eternal. Suppose that religion actually did exercise this powerful sway over every human heart, will and can it complete the entire refinement of man? Religion (which I distinguish here between its political and divine part) religion, in the aggregate, operates chiefly upon the sensual part of the people; but its efficacy would be lost, were we to purify it entirely from whatever strikes the senses.—And what else is it that renders the stage efficacious? Religion ceases to operate upon the majority of the human race, if we divest it of its awful pictures and problems, of heaven and hell, which operate alone by the influence they exercise over the imagination. What addition of

strength must religion and the laws acquire by a close alliance with the stage, where all is intuition, where vice and virtue, happiness and misery, folly and wisdom, are represented to man in a variety of comprehensive and faithful pictures; where providence unfolds its riddles, and solves the mysterious knots of fate before our eyes; where the human heart, stretched on the rack of passion, confesses its inmost emotions; where all masks are stript off, every gloss is wiped away, and incorruptible truth is awfully sitting in judgment.

The jurisdiction of the stage begins where the dominion of the civil law terminates. When justice is blinded by the charms of gold, and riots in the pay of vice, when the crimes of those that are in power laugh at its impotence, and fear of man fetters the arm of the magistrates, then the stage takes up the sword and balance of justice, and drags vice before its dread tribunal. The spacious regions of fancy and history, the times past and future, are obedient to its nod. Daring criminals, long mouldered in dust, are now summoned by the omnipotent voice of poetry, and repeat an ignominious life for the awful instruction of posterity. Wretches, once the terror of their cotemporaries, pass before our eyes, impotent like the phantoms produced by a magic mirror, and we curse their memory with a voluptuous horror. Though morality should be taught no longer, religion lose all credit, and the power of the law be dissolved, yet man would continue to be seized with awful dread on seeing Medea stagger down the steps of her palace, and be agitated with powerful emotions when the murder of her children is accomplished. A salutary tremor will seize the beholder, and he will rejoice at having preserved his conscience pure, when Lady Macbeth, a dreadful night walker, washes her hands, and calls in vain for all the perfumes of Arabia to dispel the odious scent of murder? It is no exaggeration if we maintain that these pictures, exhibited on the stage, finally incorporate themselves with the morals of the multitude, and in individual cases influence their sentiments. The impressions, produced by such exhibitions, are indelible, and the slightest touch is sufficient to resuscitate, as it were, the whole terrifying picture in the heart of man. Certain as it is that intuitive representation operates more powerfully than dead letters and cold recitation, it is equally certain that the stage produces a more powerful and lasting effect than all systems of morality and the written law.

But the stage in this does not merely aid the law—it has a much more spacious field to act upon. Thousands of vices, suffered by the law to remain unpunished, are chastised without mercy on the stage; and numerous virtues, of which the legislature is silent, are recommended from the stage. In this it faithfully follows the directions of wisdom and religion. It derives its principles and examples from this pure source, and enrobes rigorous duty with a charming and enticing garment. How noble are the sentiments, resolutions, and passions, with which it swells our soul, how heavenly the ideas which it exhibits for imitation. When the benevolent Augustus, great as a god, offers his hand to the perfidious Cinna, who imagines to read the sentence of death on his lips, and utters the generous request, "Cinna, let us be friends!" who among the spectators would in that moment not be inclined to shake his mortal enemy kindly by the hand, in order to resemble the great Roman?—When Francis Sickingen, going to chastise an oppressive prince, and to defend the rights of a fellow-man, on the road chances to look round, and descries the smoke of his burning castle, where he left his wife and child unprotected, and proceeds on his road, in order to be faithful to his word, how great must man appear in such a moment, and how contemptible the dread of invincible fate!

Useful as the stage proves itself by representing virtue in the most amiable manner, it produces effects no less salutary by exhibiting the deformity of vice in its dreadful mirror. When the helpless and childish Lear, in a nocturnal tempest, knocks in vain at the house of his daughters, scattering his white locks into the air, and tells the furious elements how unnatural his reign had been; when he at last vents his furious pangs in the dreadful words, "I gave you all I had to give!" how abominable then must ingratitude appear to us, and how solemnly do we vow to love and to revere our parents!

But the effects which the stage can produce extend still farther. It is active for our improvement, when religion and the law deem it beneath their dignity to bestow their fostering care upon human sentiments. Social happiness is as much annoyed by folly as by crimes and vices. Experience teaches us, that in the texture of human affairs the greatest weights are frequently suspended by the smallest and most tender threads, and that we, on tracing human actions to their primary sources, must smile ten times, before we are once struck with horror. The more I advance in years, the smaller grows my catalogue of villains, whilst my register of fools grows more complete and numerous. If all the mortal transactions of one sex arise from one source, if all the enormous extremes of vice, which ever have branded individuals, are only altered forms, only higher degrees of one quality, which we at last

unanimously behold with a smile of pity, why should nature not have led the other sex the same road? I know but one secret of preserving man from depravity, and that is this—to guard his heart against weakness.

The stage is highly capable of performing great part of this momentous task. It presents the mirror of truth to the numerous classes of fools, and with salutary ridicule lashes folly under whatever form it may appear. It effects in such instances, by means of satire, what in others it performs by exciting tender emotions or terror. If we were to attempt to estimate the respective value of tragedy and comedy by the measure of the effects which they produce, experience would perhaps adjudge the preference to the latter.—Ridicule and contempt wound the pride of man more severely than indignation tortures his conscience. Our cowardice flies from the dread of horrors, but this very cowardice betrays us to the stings of satire. The laws and our conscience preserve us frequently from crimes and vices, whilst the perception of our follies requires a more refined sense, which we can sharpen no where more effectually than at the theatre. We may, without much reluctance, empower a friend to attack our morals and our heart, but we find it more difficult to forgive him a single laugh at our expence. Our transgressions admit of an observer and censor, but our follies scarcely can bear a witness. The stage alone is permitted freely to lash our weakness, because it spares our peevishness, and does not desire to know the guilty fool. We see in its mirror, without blushing, our follies drop their mask, and in general are thankful for the gentle reprimand.

The effects produced by the stage do not, however, terminate here. The theatre is in a higher degree than any other public institution a school of practical wisdom, a guide through civil life, an unerring key to the most secret recesses of the human soul. I will not deny that infatuation and callousness of conscience frequently destroy its best effects; that these barriers to truth enable numerous vices to stand undaunted before its mirror, and that thousands of generous sentiments, recommended from the stage, make no impression upon the icy heart of the spectator; and I am inclined to believe that Moliere's Harpagon may not have reformed one usurer; that the suicide Beverley has reclaimed but a few of his brethren from the dreadful vice of gambling; and that the representation of Charles Moor will not contribute much to render the high roads safer: but though we should admit this to be the case in most instances, or even be so unjust to maintain that the stage contributes nothing at all to restrain the progress of vice, we cannot deny that its salutary influence is very great in many other respects. Though it should not be capable of either destroying or even diminishing the sum of vices, must we not confess that it makes us acquainted with them? We must live with these slaves of vice, and associate with these fools. We must either shun or counteract them; undermine their influence, or fall under it. The stage renders them incapable of taking us by surprize. We are prepared against their designs. The stage has betrayed to us the secret of detecting and disarming them. It has stript off the deceitful mask that concealed the hypocrite, and laid open the net with which cunning and cabal encompassed us. It dragged deception and falsehood out of their crooked labyrinths, and exposed their countenance to the light. Though the dreadful remorse of the unfortunate Mrs. Haller, in Kotzebue's Stranger, should not deter one voluptuary from his criminal pursuits, and the picture of the baneful effects of seduction should not be capable of quenching his guilty flames, will it not enable unsuspecting innocence to see through the artful web of seduction, and teach it to tremble at the vows and the homage of the vile seducer?

The stage does, however, direct our attention not to man and human characters alone, it also renders us attentive to the fate of man, and teaches us the great art of enduring its blows with firmness.

Accident and design act an equally important part in the vicissitudes of our life; we direct the course of the latter, but must implicitly submit to the former. We have reason to be satisfied with the advantage, if unavoidable fatalities do not surprise us unprepared; if our courage and prudence have exerted themselves already on similar occasions, and our heart has attained a sufficient degree of firmness to endure the sudden blow inflicted by adverse fate. The stage presents to our view a variegated scene of human sufferings. It involves us artfully in foreign distresses, and rewards us for momentary pangs with voluptuous tears and a most valuable acquisition of courage and experience. We follow on the stage the deserted Ariadne through the re-echoing Naxos, descend with her through the horrid tower of Ugolino, attend her to the dreadful scaffold, and await with her in anxious dread the arrival of the awful hour of death. Here we hear surprised nature unobjectionably confirm what the secret palpitations of our soul prognosticated. The betrayed favourite of his Queen is deserted by her favour in the dungeons of the tower; the agonized Francis Moor is abandoned, at the point of death, by his faithless sophistry. Eternity restores the deceased to the world, to reveal secrets which no living mortal can know, and the secure villain is driven from his last horrid retreat,

because the grave evomits a dreadful witness against him.

Besides the information which the stage gives us of the fate of man, it teaches us also to be just to the unfortunate, and to judge him with indulgent humanity. We are made acquainted with the whole extent of his necessities before we are permitted to sit in judgment upon him.—Humanity and tolerance begin to predominate in our age; their cheering rays have forced their way into the courts of justice, and even farther—into the hearts of princes. How ample a share has the stage had in this beneficent change, by rendering man better acquainted with his brethren, and unfolding the secret springs which determine human actions!

A certain eminent class of men has more reason to be grateful to the stage than the rest.—Here the great and powerful hear what they never or rarely hear—truth; and behold what they never or rarely see—man in his natural form.

Thus extensive is the influence of the stage upon moral refinement; but its merits, in illuminating the human mind are no less important and obvious; and it is in this higher region where a great genius and zealous patriot turns it to the best advantage. He casts a scrutinizing look at the whole human race, compares nations with nations, centuries with centuries, and observes how slavishly the great mass of the people bend their neck beneath the yoke of prejudice and opinion, which continually counteract their happiness—observes that the purer rays of truth enlighten only a few solitary individuals, who purchase the small gain, perhaps, at the expence of a whole life. By what means can a wise legislator make a whole nation partake of the salutary light emanating from these purer rays of truth?

The stage is the common channel by which the light of truth emanates from the more enlightened part of a nation, and diffuses its gentle rays through the whole state. Notions more correct, principles more refined, and purer sentiments, flow from her through all the veins of the great bulk of the nation; the mephitic mist of barbarism, the Egyptian darkness of superstition disappears, the night gives way to conquering light. I beg leave to select only two from the numerous excellent fruits of the better stage: How universally has religious tolerance been diffused within these few last years. Before Lessing's Nathan the Jew, and Voltaire's Saladin, the Saracen put us to the blush, and preached the divine doctrine that pious submission to the will of God does not depend on our opinions of the nature of the Supreme Ruler of the world. Before Joseph II. conquered the dreadful hydra of pious hatred, did the stage already plant humanity and meekness in our heart; the horrid pictures which able dramatists drew of pagan priestly fury, taught us to avoid religious hatred, and this dreadful mirror enabled Christianity to wipe off the spots with which it was stained.—The errors of education might, by means of the stage, be attacked with equal success; but unfortunately not one of our great dramatists has as yet attempted to treat upon this important theme. Though there is nothing, by its consequences so important for the general welfare of a nation as education, yet it is totally abandoned to the prejudices, the indolence, and the thoughtlessness of every individual. The stage alone would be capable of exhibiting to public view the numerous unfortunate victims of neglected education; here our fathers might learn to renounce perverse maxims, and our mothers to love rationally.—False notions lead the heart of the best pedagogues astray, which renders the consequences the more pernicious, if they boast of unnatural methods, and systematically ruin the tender plant in academies and pedagogic hot houses. The present predominant custom of instructing children in every thing but in what tends to render them practical Christians and useful subjects, deserves, more than any other fashionable folly of the age, to be lashed by the scourge of satire.

The stage might also be rendered instrumental in correcting the ideas of a nation relative to government and the superior powers. The legislative power might here speak to the subject by the medium of others, defend itself against his complaints, before they could grow loud, and bribe the mistrust of the multitude without appearing to have any share in the attempt.

I cannot omit to animadvert here on the great influence which a well-regulated theatre might exercise over the spirit of a whole nation. By the national spirit of a people, I mean the similarity and harmony of its opinions and inclinations relative to subjects concerning which another nation entertains different notions and sentiments. The stage alone has it in its power to effect this harmony in a superior degree, as it pervades the whole territory of human knowledge, exhausts all situations in life, and lays open the most hidden recesses of the human heart, and as it is resorted to by all ranks and classes, and has the earliest access to the understanding and the heart. If in all our dramatic pieces, one leading feature did prevail, if our poets agreed among themselves, and would form a close union for this purpose, if rigorous discrimination guided them in their labours, if they would resolve to

devote their pen exclusively to popular subjects, the stage might, in a superior degree, guide the spirit of the nation.

Before I conclude, I must mention one more advantage of the stage, which is more important than it is commonly thought. Human nature cannot endure, for any length of time, to be uninterruptedly stretched on the wreck of business, and the charms of the senses die away as they are gratified. Man, being cloyed by animal enjoyment, tired from long continued exertions, tormented by an incessant desire of exercising his faculties, pants after better and more refined enjoyments, or plunges heedlessly into brutal excesses, which accelerate his ruin and destroy social tranquillity. Bacchantic orgies, ruinous gambling, numberless wild excesses hatched by idleness, are unavoidable, if the legislature does not know how to direct this activity of the soul to more noble pursuits. The man of business, who generously devotes his life to the service of the state, is in danger of falling a prey to misanthropic spleen—the man of learning to become a dull pedant—and the multitude to be reduced to a state of brutality. The stage is an institution where pleasure is blended with instruction, rest with exertion, diversion with improvement; where no one faculty of the mind is strained at the expence of the other, nor any pleasure is enjoyed to the injury of society at large. When sorrow preys on the mind, when gloomy melancholy poisons our life, when we loathe the world and our occupations, when heavy burdens depress our mind, and our strength is nearly worn out by fatigue, then the theatre receives us; the artificial world into which we are transported, makes us forget the real world with all its cares and burthens; we are regenerated, as it were; our feelings are roused; salutary passions shake our dormant spirits, and give quicker circulation to the stagnating blood. The unfortunate sufferer weeps away his own sorrows while he sheds a sympathizing tear at the distresses of another; the giddy favourite of fortune grows sober, and the secure is rendered apprehensive. The sentimental Sybarite is inspired with manly firmness, and the icy callousness of the raw barbarian is thawed. Every individual participates in the universal rapture of the audience; the pleasure that sparkles in every eye and glows in every bosom, seizes irresistibly upon his sympathizing heart, all distinctions of rank and circumstances are forgotten, and the whole assembly seems to be but one happy family.

SPAIN,

In its present Physical, Moral, Political, Religious, Statistical, and Literary State.

The Spaniards in general are by no means inferior in point of capacity to any other civilized nation; the mental lethargy, in which the whole nation seems to be immersed, is owing to the thraldom in which it has hitherto been kept by the inquisition. Bigotry and an excessive national pride are the most predominant features in the character of the Spaniards. They would sooner submit to the most excruciating tortures than give up any one of the numerous mechanical ceremonies which disgrace the christian religion in Spain. A Spaniard would deem it the most enormous crime to omit hearing mass-read on a holiday, or to eat meat on a fast day, though he would not scruple to assassinate an enemy, or to commit a breach of the sixth commandment, on the same day. The holy virgin is in every respect worshipped by this nation with much greater devotion than the Supreme Being. Another instance of the total neglect of the essential precepts of our religion, is the indifference which the Spaniards display with respect to the keeping of the sabbath, it being a common sight to see them on that day work in the fields, or perform any other manual labour, though they would deem it a mortal sin were any one only to talk of labour on one of the numerous festivals of the Virgin Mary.

"The state of literature in Spain cannot but greatly contribute to support the lamentable and pernicious reign of darkness in that devoted country. The clergy take all possible pains to render foreign literature suspected by the Spaniards, bestowing the names of *protestants* and *heretics* upon all authors of eminence; and these epithets alone are sufficient to prejudice a Spaniard against the compositions of men of universal literary celebrity. The titles of prohibited books are usually affixed to the doors of the churches with a superscription purporting that they savour of protestanism. The weekly papers are likewise commonly swelled with the titles of books that come under this denomination. The best English and French authors are

indeed to be found in two public libraries at Madrid; but they are separated from the rest, as if pregnant with contagion, and can be obtained for perusal only by means of a special licence from the inquisition. On observing to one of the librarians, that this anxious care of precluding the public from reading the works of foreign nations was a manifest proof of the apprehension entertained by the Spanish clergy of the weakness of their articles of faith, I received for answer, "That it could not be denied that the people were not sufficiently instructed in religion, to be proof against the specious reasoning of foreign philosophers; the Spaniards, moreover, were not accustomed to meditate on the theological and philosophical subjects, and to enter into solid investigations; that they, consequently, were not capable of distinguishing truth from error."—The Spaniards are, however, no great lovers of reading scientific works, or any other serious composition. The literary works that interest them most, are plays, and legends of saints, which contain the most extravagant absurdities. Large collections of this kind of religious composition are found almost in every house: these and romances of knight-errantry comprehend, generally speaking, the whole compass of literary works that are deemed interesting. It is, indeed, to be lamented, that a people endowed with considerable natural capacities, and living in one of the finest countries on the face of the globe, should have been reduced so low by spiritual and political despotism. Spain formerly had a great many advantages before the other European countries, as her language attained an high degree of refinement, and the arts and sciences were successfully cultivated by the Spaniards, whilst the greatest part of Europe were involved in profound darkness.

The despotic restraint laid upon the progress of the Spaniards in mental refinement, is one of the principal causes of the avidity with which they plunge into the vortex of sensual pleasures.

There is, perhaps, no country in Europe where the goddess of love is more ardently worshipped than in Spain, which renders effeminacy of manners more universal in that country than it is any where else; prostitutes and married women are indiscriminately given to intrigue.

Charitable institutions abound in Spain, especially at Madrid, and reflect great honour on the character of the Spaniards.

The charitable disposition of the Spaniards, is the most prominent feature in the character of both rich and poor, and is not confined to their countrymen alone, but most generously extends itself to all foreigners without distinction. This laudable disposition of the nation has been productive of the most excellent public institutions for the reception and relief of the sick, and amongst these none is more distinguished than the grand hospital for male patients.—Besides this hospital, there is another called the grand general hospital for women, which was founded by two private gentlemen. These two hospitals were formerly under the direction of the council of Castile, but now are superintended by a special commission appointed by the King. The chief director is a grandee of Spain, and the members are spiritual and secular persons of the first respectability. With these hospitals are united several orders of both sexes, who are bound to afford the patients all assistance in their power. Regularity, cleanliness, and the most careful attention to the wants of the patients, are the most striking characteristics of these hospitals. There are three hundred surgeons appointed at the grand hospital for male patients, who must attend the regular physicians to the sick bed, and see their prescriptions carefully executed. After having served some years in the hospital, they are promoted in the army and navy, preferably to all others. The apartments are cleaned, and the beds made by the charitable brethren and sisters, whose tender attention to the wants and comforts of the patients is most exemplary. All the bedsteads in the hospitals are made of iron. I never saw a single flea in these hospitals; an evident proof of the great attention which is paid to cleanliness. The strictest regularity with respect to the diet of the sick, is enforced in both hospitals. The patients have an excellent conveniency to take the benefit of the air. The reception into the hospital is not attended with the least difficulty. Those that can walk, go there without any previous application or recommendation, and such as are unable to walk, send word to the governors, informing them of their situation, when a chair is sent from the hospital to fetch them. Foreigners who are admitted, are not even asked to what religious sect they belong. Ecclesiastics of different nations are appointed to console foreigners in their own language. Every Sunday and holiday the hospital for male patients is visited by the charitable fraternity, and that for female patients by the charitable sisterhood, who comb and wash the sick, and do every thing in their power to render the situation of these unfortunate people particularly comfortable on the Lord's day. In these humane exertions they are generally assisted by people of the first rank, and I have frequently seen on these occasions even grandees zealously employed in consoling and administering relief to the sick. Ladies of the first eminence perform the same charitable office in the hospital destined for their own sex. Thanks to *our superior refinement!* our ladies of fashion contrive to spend their time on the Lord's day in

a more *rational* manner at the card-table!—Besides the ample funds with which these hospitals are provided, they derive also a considerable revenue from one third of the net produce of all theatres, and the total produce of all bull baitings, which in the year 1804 amounted to 1,705,131 reals.—Besides these two grand hospitals, there are several more in Madrid of a smaller size, namely, the French, Italian, Flemish, Irish, Portuguese, &c. hospitals. In these smaller hospitals every patient has a room to himself.—Madrid likewise posseses a lying-in and a foundling hospital, which are equally well provided and administered. A public institution for lending money upon pledges without interest, established in Madrid, is particularly honourable to the Spaniards. It is left entirely to the justice and gratitude of the debtor, whether he chooses to pay a small sum, in lieu of interest, on redeeming his pledge. A committee for relieving the wants of the poor is appointed in every parish. Their principal care is directed to relieve such as are ashamed to make their necessity publicly known. The numerous religious fraternities existing in Spain contribute likewise kindly to relieve the necessities of those that are in distress. Many grandees of the first class are members of these pious associations.

Madrid contains many public libraries. The royal library is the most complete, and open every day. Any one may without difficulty obtain the book he wants; but this library as well as all others, contains very few modern works of eminence. The philosophical writings of the English, Germans, and French, are entirely excluded. A separate apartment is allotted to prohibited books, which are extremely difficult to be obtained. With the royal library there is also connected a very valuable collection of scarce gold and silver coins: it possesses likewise a great number of ancient manuscripts. The royal collection of natural curiosities is extremely rich in minerals. The collection of precious stones is more complete and valuable than any in Europe.

There are several academies of arts and sciences at Madrid, namely, the royal academy of Spain, and the academies of history, painting, and medicine. The former has published an excellent dictionary of the Spanish language, in six large quarto volumes. The medical academy is the least respected. The academy of painting has of late contributed very much to the promotion of the fine arts in Spain. The lectures on drawing, mathematics, and architecture, are open to all who wish to profit by them. The admission is gratis. No foreigner can obtain the prizes annually distributed by this academy. Agricultural societies are established in several parts of the country. They keep up a constant correspondence with the *los amigos del pais* at Madrid; but little good has been effected as yet by these societies.

The state of the Spanish universities is very lamentable: they are seminaries of superstition. The number of students at Salamanca once amounted to fifteen thousand; at present it does not exceed four thousand. The life of the students is dissolute in the extreme. The grammar schools are not better than the universities. The Spaniards speak their language with great purity. The Spanish language not being crowded with too many consonants, is much superior in harmony to the French, English, and German, and possesses a more numerous mass of popular songs and ballads than any other European language. Cervantes, Lopez de Vega, Garcilasso, Calderon, Gongora, Boskan, Augustine Moreto, Anthony de Solis, are the favourite authors of the nation. They have distinguished themselves by romances, novels, poetry, and plays. Cervantes, besides his celebrated Don Quixotte, has written many works, as novels, comedies, and eight smaller pieces, called *entremezes* (intermezzos), which, by their comic spirit, are rendered far superior to his plays. None of his novels are deemed equal to his Quixotte: they are twelve in number, and contain a most faithful and animated description of the manners of his age. Of his plays, twelve only are extant. Angels, devils, and sorcerers, are the leading characters. Cervantes lived and died in poverty, and frequently was on the point of starving. Lopez de Vega and Calderon are the principal Spanish dramatists. Lopez de Vega was born in 1562, at Madrid, and died on the same day with our immortal Shakespeare; a coincidence very remarkable Cervantes, Calderon, and Quevedo, were his cotemporaries. He acquired an immense fortune by his writings, which are uncommonly numerous. He is notorious for having neglected all rules of the dramatic art, a defect which also distinguishes the numerous works of Calderon. He is less original than Lopez de Vega. His Cat-Epopee (*Galomachia*) is the most finished of all his works. Augustine Moreto occupies the third rank among the Spanish dramatists. A drama, entitled the Cavalier, is reckoned the most eminent of his compositions. Gongora has written satiric-lyric poems, which are highly valued, but difficult to be understood. The miscellanous poems of Boskan and Garcilasso are much easier. The compositions of the latter are strongly tinctured with a melancholy cast, which is said to have been the effect of many domestic misfortunes. Quevedo has rendered himself famous by his novels and dreams. The prominent characteristic of his writings are a satirical wit, original humour, and knowledge

of the human heart. His dreams have been translated into several languages, and frequently imitated. He has also written several works on historical, political, and theological subjects. The most eminent modern authors are, Vego, Sarmiento, Flores, Buriel, and Isla, all of them ecclesiastics. Isla has written a keen satire upon indifferent preachers, under the title of *Historia del famoso preditator fray Gerundio*, in which he attempts to reform the Spanish preachers; but his excellent plan was frustrated by the persecutions of ignorant and fanatic priests. Many of the latest writers display a considerable degree of good taste. The most distinguished of them is Yriarte, who has translated several English works, amongst which are, the Spectator, Rambler, and Hume's History; besides some others of the amusing kind, as Clarissa Harlowe and Tom Jones. He is, however, closely watched by the inquisition, which has already prevented the publication of the translations of several important works, as for instance, the Encyclopedia and Robertson's history of America. The monthly publications which appear display also many proofs of an increasing refinement of taste, and enlightened understanding. The best historians of the Spaniards are, Mariana, Solis, and Herreras. None has, however, distinguished himself by a philosophical spirit. Father Isla has written the best compendium of the History of Spain. The Spaniards have done much for typographical beauty. The most splendid works are, Mariana's History and a Translation of Sallust, by the Infant Don Lewis. The price of the latter work is an ounce of gold.

SINGULAR FASHIONS.

The rage of fashion is not confined to the female sex in Europe alone; it extends its fantastic sway over the whole globe; and proud as our fashionable belles may be of their refinement in dress, we may venture to assert, without fear of contradiction, that they will never succeed in eclipsing the inventive genius which the fair-ones in the interior of America display in the disposal of their attire—though it consists of nothing else but the *skin* with which kind nature has furnished them.

No female Indian in America would be so indecent as to go abroad *naked*; the women in the interior of America being invariably compelled, by the tyranny of custom, to appear in public completely dressed, which they perform by besmearing the whole body with oil, and painting on it a great variety of figures in different colours; and travellers protest, that when thus arrayed they appear to great advantage at a distance. Another article of their dress consists of large teeth of fishes, suspended from their ears, which hang down to the shoulders, the tips of them being pierced by their mothers in their earliest infancy, and the holes gradually extended so much, that a hand might pass through. They wear rings in their nostrils, which hang down to the upper lip, a necklace composed of monkies teeth, and bracelets consisting of shells; ornaments which render them objects irresistibly bewitching in the eyes of the young men of taste and fashion.

The women of a certain Indian nation in America consider a very bulky calf to the leg as one of the greatest personal charms, and in order to put their girls in possession of this singular accomplishment, the mothers fasten strong rings round the legs of their female infants, below the knee, and above the ancles, which they wear all their life. These rings, obstructing the free circulation of the blood, force it to extend that part of the leg which they confine; whence the calves attain a most astonishing size, which affords to these Indian belles a charm whose all-conquering power no young Indian gentleman is able to resist. The beaus of the ladies with these bulky calves wear enormous wigs made of feathers, which in size completely correspond with the protuberant charms of the belles. An assembly of this nation, consisting of naked men with enormous wigs of feathers, and of girls with calves of such an unnatural size, must exhibit as ridiculous a sight as a party of French ladies and gentlemen of fashion in the 16th century, when the former wore enormous artificial posteriors stuffed with horse-hair, and the latter bellies of an astonishing size, consisting of cushions filled with husks.

The Achaguas reckon it one of the most charming ornaments to wear large artificial whiskers, covering one half of the face, and uniting on the chin. These whiskers are so durable that nothing is capable of removing them. The mother takes a fish's tooth as sharp as a lancet, tattooing with it the figure of a pair of whiskers on the lips, cheeks, and the chin of the child, and after having wiped off the blood, rubs the incision with a black powder, which produces the figure of a pair of whiskers never to be effaced.

The Omaguas, a nation of the kingdom of Quito, make small syringes of gum elastic, one of which is presented to each of their guests when they give an entertainment. The omission of this act of civility would be looked upon as a mark of an utter want of good breeding, and the application of a clyster, in the presence of the whole company, before they sit down to dinner, is reckoned by them as necessary for the purposes of cleanliness, as the washing of hands on the same occasion in the eastern countries. The ancient Romans are known to have taken a gentle emetic during dinner, in order to make room for an additional quantity of victuals, a custom of which the fashionable world at Vienna are likewise accused by several travellers, though we have great reason to suspect that this charge is utterly unfounded, and nothing but the effect of a foolish desire of saying something new, though at the expence of truth.

SABINA;

OR,

MORNING SCENES IN THE DRESSING-ROOM OF A ROMAN LADY.

[*Continued from Vol. II. Page 128.*]

Scene VI.—Droso fetches the Robes; Washing of Hands; View of the Wardrobe and of the Apartments of the Slaves; Presses for Clothes; Shoes; the Tunic.

THE interruption of the officious Zenothemis, and Myrrhinetta's unexpected delivery had protracted Donna Sabina's breakfast to such a length, that double diligence was now necessary in arranging the other necessary parts of her dress. One of her maids had long been waiting for orders to that effect. Her name was Droso and to her the chief care of Sabina's wardrobe was committed. She now advanced to ask the important question whether her mistress would wear the gold flounce, or that which was festooned with pearls, together with the state dress in which it was necessary she should appear at the solemnity. "The maids," added Droso, "are all waiting in the wardrobe for your orders. The clothes are taken out of the presses and every thing is ready."

The question is obviously of considerable importance, and requires a mature, but at the same time speedy consideration. Sabina was going to a review and was likely to be herself surveyed by a thousand eyes; she was going to see and to be seen, exposed as she would be in an open balcony from head to foot, to the inquisitive eyes of jealous rivals. "What is your opinion, Kypassis?" said the lady to her favorite attendant who has already been introduced to the notice of the reader.

With the utmost respect the brown Kypassis replied: "Who can presume, most excellent mistress, to direct your taste which all the Roman ladies implicitly take for the standard of their dress! But, some weeks since when you sent your cousin Saturninus the beautiful bandeaus of pearls for the chest and head of his charger, did you not say that, on this day, you would wear the new pearl dress *a-la-Cleopatra* which your husband lately brought you from Alexandria? You certainly only wanted to put my memory to the proof. For that dress must likewise be accompanied with the pearl flounces."

Sabina turned to Droso, with a look of severity on her brow from which the name of Saturninus pronounced by Kypassis had scarcely been able to disperse the gloomy clouds which again began to gather there. "You have your answer," said she.

At her nod Kypassis brings a wet sponge in a silver wash-hand basin The slave had just dipped it into asses milk, and now gently rubs with it the hands of her mistress. A maiden standing by her side, holds the soft towel ready for drying them*. It was not for nothing that Sabina had cast her eye on the golden and silky locks of the page who was still waiting in the corner for her command. At her beck he advanced and the haughty lady wiped her hands in the beautiful ringlets of the fair boy†

* These were linen towels, the stuff of which had been so beaten both in the thread and web, as to be perfectly shaggy, but extremely soft and pleasant to the touch, like cotton wool. This was a refinement far surpassing our modern towels of the finest damask.

† In Petronius c. 27. we find Trimalchio doing the same thing. It cannot be doubted that the history of the fair sinner in the Gospel who washed the feet of her respected teacher and dried them with her hair, ought to be taken in the same manner.

Droso meanwhile flies back to the wardrobe, and accompanied by two other maidens brings the Domina's dress. But let us first attend the swift footed slave into the wardrobe-apartment, situated in the left wing of the house, near the rooms of the weavers, the embroiderers and the dress-makers, and which promises to afford our curiosity for a few moments abundant gratification.

Figure to yourself the back part of the spacious place where Sabina resides, swarming like an ant's nest with slaves of both sexes, who have no other employment than by the exercise of every kind of art and profession to supply in the cheapest manner every want of the Domina, to gratify her every whim however impracticable it may appear. Here a whole wing is divided partly into small chambers in which the female slaves are obliged to make a wretched shift, and partly into larger rooms where certain occupations require the joint labours of many. The first apartment backward is the spinning and weaving room. This we may know from the singing of the industrious weavers and spinners; for thus these poor creatures who are obliged to work late and early in order to execute their allotted tasks, beguile their tedious labour. The spinners are superintended by a very severe task mistress, and some of them by the commands of the Domina are even compelled to do a double portion of work as a punishment. Near them are the weavers who are employed in weaving a kind of fine muslin after a new pattern for a summer dress for the Domina. Formerly in the more virtuous and happy days of Rome, the mistress of the family occupied herself in spinning and weaving in the great hall, in the midst of her female slaves. This practice had however been relinquished long before the days of our Sabina; and it was regarded as mere affectation in the Empress Livi , that she was determined to make all the ordinary clothes worn by her husband, the Emperor Augustus. Now a Roman lady of fashion had scarcely time to revise the accounts of her overseer once in a decade, and to give her a new pattern for a torment to her wretched spinners and weavers.

The next apartment is occupied by the dress-makers. Though a rich Roman lady might perhaps purchase the most costly stuffs of Syrian and Alexandrian merchants, they were always made up by her own slaves kept in the house for that particular purpose. Close to this was the apartment of the embroiderers, of whose skill and ingenuity we shall soon see a specimen; and next came the room containing the wardrobe itself, where some slaves especially employed there, awaited with eager expectation Droso's return. These females had also a peculiar appellation, and were called *vestiplicæ* (folders of clothes.) As etiquette forbade the Roman ladies of distinction to appear in public in any other costume than that appropriated to matrons, excepting the purple flounce, and the stripes of gold in the tunic, this dress admitted of no other colour than white for the upper garment, and no other material than the finest woollen or half-silk; and no pains were spared to give these white garments the highest degree of smoothness and brilliancy of which they were susceptible. For this purpose they used particular presses, beneath which the clothes were kept, till they were taken out for use. Before they were put into this machine, they were folded with the greatest care, and this practice was also extended to the garments of the men of Rome, when they became as effeminate as the women. From this employment then these slaves received their appellation, and in this apartment we observe several presses and smoothing machines, for the above mentioned purpose. In the exquisitely polished chests ranged round the room are contained all the treasures of our Domina's wardrobe. The inscriptions afford some idea of the multiplicity of the garments kept here, for Sabina in private parties of pleasure was fond of imitating the coloured fancy-dresses of females of easy virtue*, and had a distinct wardrobe for each particular festival and for every season.

"Dorcas!" cried the half breathless Droso, as she entered the apartment containing the wardrobe, to one of her companions, "make haste and get ready the train with the flounce festooned with pearls! The Domina has chosen that dress for the day!" Dorcas had fortunately received an early intimation from Kypassis, and had already sewed the purple train decorated with pearls, to the most beautiful new and brilliant white tunic. The other garments has long been ready; and the little troop of clothes-folders instantly set off with the different parts of the Domina's dress carefully laid over their arms, and carried them, exhaling the most costly perfumes into Sabina's dressing-room. Karmion had just put on the feet of her mistress the shoes of the finest white leather, paying particular atten-

* Though in Ovid's Art of Love and other poets, we find mention made of as many different colours for ladies clothes, as there are among the patterns of modern times; it should not be forgotten that they are speaking only of that class of dressy and good-natured females who were called at Rome, *libertinæ*, and not of matrons, who wore no other coloured stuffs than gold and purple, unless they chose wantonly to degrade themselves.

tion not to give an unfavourable omen by any mistake*.

The mere putting on of these garments cannot take up much time. Sabina had already put on her shift on her first entering the dressing-room. This is a delicate tunic with sleeves, which cover only half of the upper part of the arm, made of the finest cotton, and till she is completely dressed, fastened under the breast with a narrow girdle. Kypassis, who alone has the honour of assisting her mistress in this operation, unties the girdle, and first winds a small purple ribbon round the breasts, by which means the ladies of antiquity obtained in an easier manner those advantages which the females of modern times seek to procure by means of elastic corsets. This done, Dorcas reaches the tunic, properly so called, which Kypassis helps the Domina to put on.

As this tunic, the uppermost of the under-garments, constitutes the principal article of dress and displays the greatest luxury, it may not be amiss, while Kypassis is thus employed, to take a view of it for a few moments. This garment is made of a stuff, the warp of which is composed of the finest Milesian wool, and the woof of cotton, of a brilliant white. It has short sleeves, which only reach to the elbow, and which after a fashion common among the Dorian Greeks, are cut longitudinally, and fastened together again with gold clasps. At the bosom it has a border two fingers in breadth of double-dyed purple, call *dibaphon*, which was not only twice as strong a colour, but also twice as expensive as that which had only been once dyed. Of the same colour is also the lowest part of the train, which was considered as characteristic of the tunic of the Roman matrons. The white tunic, properly so called, descended only a little lower than the knee, and was not worn so short by any but females of no reputation, of the class of libertines, who did not fail to wear gaudy and expensive sandals with gold chains, buckles and other ornaments above the ancles. But the tunic of a matron had a peculiar kind of train†, with abundance of folds, which reached so low as scarcely to suffer any part of the feet to be seen. This train was usually decorated with all kinds of ornaments, and what the French term *agrémens* and *appliqués*, and also with embroidering. Fine plates of beaten gold, or gold threads were likewise frequently sewed to it: but in general it had at the bottom a wider purple border. The tunic of our Sabina had such a border, which was still further embellished by a bandeau of pearls fastened to it with great art.

Kypassis now girds this long tunic-chemise with a simple white ribbon, as any other decoration would be completely concealed by the mantle which is to come over it, or by the bagging folds of the tunic itself. The whole art of the sleeve in this operation consists in drawing up the train, which otherwise would fall upon the ground and prevent the possibility of walking, so far as to shew only the toe of the foot, and to form a handsome fold all round above the girdle.

Sabina is now completely dressed except throwing on the long white mantle which Droso holds in readiness. But the most important thing of all still remains to be done. The pearl ornaments which Sabinus recently brought his wife from Alexandria, are still to be hung on. The bracelets are not yet fastened, nor the rings put on her fingers. Spatale already stands waiting with the open jewel casket. In a few moments our Venus Anadyomene will go forth perfect from the hands of her busy maidens.

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* As the ancients had a particular shoe for each foot, consequently a right and left shoe, any mistake in putting them on was looked upon as a sign that every thing would go wrong during the whole day. This silly notion was sufficient to give uneasiness even to the first of the Roman Emperors, who in many respects was a man of a very little mind.

† The train was called *instita*, and was made of the same kind of stuff as the tunic, but, as may still be seen from many Roman statues, it had a great number of small folds, and a purple or gold border at the bottom. The tunic and the train together were called *stola*, which exactly corresponds with the modern expression, *full dress*.

THE LADIES' TOILETTE; OR, ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF BEAUTY.

[*Continued from Page 248, Vol. II.*]

CHAP. XII.

History of French Fashions, Continued.

THE farther we proceed, the greater abundance we find of materials relative to the different changes of female dress in France. On entering upon the epoch of Henry the fourth's reign, we might introduce very circumstantial details concerning the fashions; these, however, would not only occasion too great prolixity, but would be uninteresting to the reader. All the existing monuments exhibit representations of these costumes. I shall therefore pass very lightly over the reigns of Henry and his immediate successors, confining myself to a few anecdotes and the principal traits, which will give some idea of the ridiculous taste of the females even in the most enlightened ages. It will be seen that the fashions of the age of Louis XIV. Louis XV. and Louis XVI. were infinitely more extravagant than those of the early period of the monarchy.

Henry IV. perceived the necessity of assigning limits to a luxury that kept continually increasing. Of all the sumptuary laws enacted at different epochs, none was so judicious as the edict of 1604, in which Henry, after prohibiting the wearing of gold and silver upon apparel, adds, "excepting, however, women of pleasure and rogues, for whom we are not sufficiently interested to do them the honour to pay attention to their conduct." This ordinance was perhaps the only one that produced a speedy effect; the women of pleasure and rogues durst not avail themselves of this exclusive permission, though they had paid very little attention to the repeated prohibitions which had heretofore been issued: so true it is that these brilliant superfluities are held in no higher estimation than the example of the great procures them.

But this law acted upon the women only as a repellent, if I may be allowed to use that expressive term of the medical art; that is, the fair sex being restricted in the employment of exterior ornaments, concentrated the science of the toilette and of dress, and invented a fashion which certainly no law could have touched, because it was out of sight. We shall briefly illustrate it by a passage from St. Foix's Essays on Paris:—"The Marchioness d'Estrées, mother of the beautiful Gabrielle, was killed in a sedition at Essone, in Auvergne. It appears that her body was left in the streets very indecently exposed, and furnished an opportunity of observing a fashion which had been for some time introduced among women of quality. It was not only the hair of the head that they adorned with crimp ribbon of different colours." *To obtain the favour of a lady*, was an expression that might then be taken in a literal sense.

During this reign likewise appeared the prodigious ruffs invented in Spain, to conceal the wen, an endemial malady in that country. The hoops became larger than ever, to judge from the portraits of that age which are still extant, and among others, from those of Queen Margaret, which brings to my recollection the following anecdote of that Princess:

Margaret of France, the first wife of Henry IV. was inordinately addicted to gallantry. Henry himself often rallied her smartly on this subject. She was married to him in 1572; the marriage was annulled in 1599; but still she was always called Queen Margaret. M. de Fresne Forget being one day with that princess, observed, that he was astonished how men and women with such enormous ruffs, could eat soup without spoiling them, and especially how the ladies could be gallant in their prodigious large hoops. The queen made no reply, but a few days afterwards having a very large ruff, and *bouille* to eat, she directed a spoon with a long handle to be brought, so that she dispatched her mess without soiling her dress. Having finished, she turned to M. Fresne.—"There," said she to him, with a smile, "you see that with a little contrivance, a remedy may be found for every thing."—"Certainly, madam," replied he, "as to what relates to the upper part I am perfectly satisfied."

Let us now pass to the 17th century; the fashion of wearing hoops ceased, and the lofty head-dress disappeared for some time; the latter, however, returned at the conclusion of the century more ridiculous than ever. It is true they changed their name, being then denominated *fontanges*.

Figure to yourself a vast edifice of wire, sometimes two feet in height, and divided into several stories. On this frame was put a great quantity of bits of muslin, ribbon, and hair. At the least motion the whole fabric shook, and threatened destructions which was extremely inconvenient. It was nevertheless asserted that the husbands liked this fashion, and that it guaranteed the dis-

cretion of their wives. Every piece of which this enormous head-dress was composed had a particular name, and these names were not less ridiculous than the things they denoted. Among which were the duchess, the solitaire, the cabbage, the mouse, the musqueteer, the crescent, the firmament, the tenth heaven, and others equally ludicrous. This fashion was, however, suddenly relinquished; the head-dress became extravagantly low; and to make amends, the women adopted high heels. This sudden change gave occasion to the following lines, by Chaulieu, which conclude with an epigram of considerable point:

" Paris cède à la mode et change ses parures,
" Ce peuple imitateur et singe de la cour,
" A commencé depuis un jour
" D'humilier, enfin, l'orgueil de ces coiffures:
" Mainte courte beauté s'en plaint, gronde, et tempête,
" Et pour se rallonger, consultant les destins,
" Apprend d'eux qu'on retrouve, en haussant ses patins,
" La taille que l'on perd en abaissant sa tête.
" Voila le changement extrême
" Qui meten mouvement nos femmes de Paris:
" Pour la coiffure des maris
" Elle est ici toujours la même."

This happy change in the head-dress was not of long duration. The women soon began again to erect magnificent edifices upon their heads. But, alas! the empire of fashion, like all other empires, is subject to violent revolutions; a single moment was sufficient to destroy a head dress or demolish a bastile—and that moment arrived. Two English ladies effected a most astonishing revolution in the fashions, which cannot fail to form a distinguished feature in this history. These two ladies who had recently arrived at Paris, went to Versailles in June 1714, to see Louis XIV. at supper. They wore an extreme low head-dress, which was then as ridiculous as one two feet high would appear at present. No sooner had they entered than they produced such a sensation that a considerable noise took place. The King inquired the reason of this extraordinary bustle, and was informed that it was occasioned by the presence of two ladies, whose heads were dressed in a very singular style. When the King saw them, he observed to the duchess and other ladies who were supping with him, that if the women had any sense, they would relinquish their ridiculous head-dress and adopt the simple fashion of the two strangers. The wishes of a King are commands to his courtiers. The ladies were sensible that they should be obliged to submit: the sacrifice was painful—to demolish such lofty head-dresses was little better than decapitation. There was no remedy; the fear of displeasing the monarch overcame every other consideration, and the whole night was employed in destroying the edifice of three stories. The two uppermost were totally suppressed, and the third was cut down to one half. Thus ended the reign of high head-dresses, which had been relinquished and again adopted at various periods during 300 years, and which again appeared, some time afterwards, as we shall presently see, with increased extravagance.

I regret exceedingly that I am obliged to adduce an additional proof that women never drop one ridiculous fashion, without adopting another: it is the duty of an historian to adhere to the truth. *Vitam impendere vero* was the motto of Rousseau, who, however, did not treat of subjects so important as that which now employs my pen. But to proceed.

High head-dresses having now disappeared in a single night, as if by enchantment, it became necessary that feminine caprice should fix on some new object. Hoops again came into fashion. It is true they were not called by their former appellation of *vertugadins*. What woman would have worn a fashion as old as the time of Francis I. She who could have proposed such a thing would have become an object of derision. But by a stroke of genius, the name of *paniers* was given to them, and all the women fell passionately in love with them. The circumstances which led to the revival of this extravagant costume were these:

The return of hoops was owing to the same two English ladies who have been already mentioned. Two days after the downfall of the towering head-dress, they took a walk, in the evening, in the great alley of the Thuilleries. Their robes expanded by vast hoops of whalebone, excited the curiosity of the Parisians, naturally an inquistive race, but whose curiosity in this case was very pardonable, since the spectacle was then in view. They crowded round the two ladies to examine them, and the concourse increasing every moment, they had well nigh been squeezed to death. A bench saved them. There was at that time a yew hedge on either side of the alley, and seats were placed at intervals, near the hedge. It was behind one of these seats that the two ladies entrenched themselves, and there they could with less danger sustain the impetuous assaults of public curiosity. Nevertheless their situation became rather awkward. It is true they were protected both in the front and the rear; but they began to be warmly attacked on the flanks, when a soldier found means to extricate them. He opened a passage through the yew hedge, assisted the besieged through the breach, and conducted them to the orangery of the Thuilleries.

[*To be continued.*]

ESSAY ON POLITENESS IN MANNERS.

Politeness, like taste and grace, is something that pleases us, that we feel and love, without being able precisely to define its nature. It might even be styled, without impropriety, taste and grace in manners. In this point of view, an investigation into the nature of politeness would lead us into the metaphysics of taste; and the numerous observations which we are daily enabled to make in society, are capable of furnishing us with sufficient light to trace the connection of politeness with letters and the arts.

If, indeed, we observe that politeness in manners was always cotemporary with taste in the arts, that the ages of Pericles, of Augustus, and Louis XIV. were the most brilliant epochs of attic wit, Roman urbanity, and French politeness, it will be difficult to deny this analogy, the existence of which I suspect.

In the origin of societies men had little connection with each other; domestic cares occupied their lives, whose only ornaments were family virtues. If accident brought them together, benevolence shone in its utmost purity, when it was not obscured by interest; a stranger was either a guest or an enemy, and never was man an indifferent object to his fellow. Their virtues were open, their manners rude, and their passions violent. Each had at that time his peculiar character, and bore strong marks of originality.—Similar, but not perfectly alike, all the individuals of the species were distinguished by remarkable differences; as the leaves of the oaks of the forest, though of the same texture and form, all vary from each other in the exact shape and tint.

Society in its progress, assembling men in large masses, and inclosing them in towns, connected them by closer ties. Their interests were combined in a thousand ways; the wants of individuals became more numerous, and their affairs more complicated; their very passions changed their aspect, as wild plants removed into our gardens, there assume new forms: in a word, their relations and dependencies were infinitely diversified.

Social order soon extended itself like an immense net, one of the meshes of which cannot be shaken without affecting a great number of others. Women entered more or less into society*, they consequently assumed an influence over it, and exercised a kind of dominion by means of that talent of seduction which is peculiar to them, and which Montesquieu calls "the art which little minds possess of governing great ones" Force was then obliged to yield to address; the question now no longer was how to vanquish and subdue, but how to attract by insinuating manners and to please, became a necessity. The constant collisions of society had worn off its asperities; a general tone of amenity and politeness began to distinguish the inhabitants of cities; rudeness became disgusting; it was confined to the peasantry, and received the contemptuous appellation of clownishness.

The influence of women was still stronger in society than in business; it was only through their empire over society that they usurped political authority: grace subdued force. The versatility of their imaginations, the delicacy of their impressions, the vivacity of their sentiments soon imparted a character of elegance to manners. They created taste, and gave publicity to the secrets of graces. That art of exciting interest without feeling any; of paying attention to all, and of engaging the attention of all even while thinking only of one; that delicacy in touching the weak side of a heart; that address in sparing every one's self-love, that dexterity in pleasing every one's taste, that universality in all the means of charming soon awakened tender sentiments. The arts were the offspring of the passions, which they tend to strengthen: sensibility animated genius; imagination formed enchanting chimeras, which were encouraged in every heart by the magic of poetry and music; all the passions were blended into one, and hence sprung that model of the beautiful, which created all virtues, all talents, and all graces. Influenced by the same charm, and, as it were, by one com-

* The seclusion of women was a law of antiquity among all the Orientals. Among the Greeks, they had separate apartments, and very little communication with the other sex. But the intrigues of the Seraglio and the revolutions caused by women in almost all the eastern courts, prove that the shutting them up is but a feeble obstacle to their influence. It was the jealousy of a plebeian woman against her sister whose husband was consul, that caused the elevation of plebeians to the Consulate. From the invasion of Greece, by Xerxes, to the peace of Utrecht, it is impossible to mention, perhaps one single great political event in which the influence of women has not been exerted in two opposite ways.

mon inspiration, courageous minds performed great actions, which great talents immortalized on canvass and in marble. The theatre arose; artists became more numerous, and monuments multiplied heroes. A picturesque religion, mingled heaven with earth in a concurrence of reciprocal passions; the pencil and the chisel in the hands of Phidias and Apelles, were solely occupied in producing images of the gods, of heroes and of beauty; while the lyre and the flute united their melodious tones to embellish the hymns of Callimachus, the strains of Pindar and the odes of Anacreon. Such is the picture of that period of attic politeness which for a short time blessed a soil fertile in prodigies, and enveloped in an atmosphere of voluptuousness.

Rome, barbarous and flushed with conquest, incessantly agitated by civil dissensions, by the continual struggles of ambition for power, retained the rudeness of her manners in the midst of her triumphs. To no purpose did subjugated Greece adorn with her spoils the capital of the conquerors of the world; the love of arts and of letters, and the politeness of manners, which is so intimately connected with it, could never gain a footing in their ferocious hearts. The monuments of genius transplanted to Rome remained strangers to them, and served rather for trophies than models, till Marius, Scylla, Pompey, Cæsar, those scourges of their country and avengers of the world, had at length by their atrocities and disasters, created a necessity for the government of Augustus. Every thing then assumed a new form: the gates of the temple of Janus were shut; all the violent passions, restrained by authority, became tranquillized, and were lulled to sleep; repose and felicity softened every mind, and rudeness disappeared. The love of pleasure, so natural to peaceful man, the sensibility, arising from pleasure, or the expectation of it, taste, politeness and the graces were every where displayed, and assigned to this historical epoch a distinguished place in history.

The age of Louis XIV. the comparison of which to the age of Augustus does honour to the latter*, likewise succeeded civil wars which had desolated France almost without intermission ever since the death of Henry II. Similar circumstances produced similar effects. Louis XIV. had even some advantages in point of situation over Augustus. In France as at Rome, the people sighed only for repose and an established authority. Legitimate power, established on the most ancient basis, gave the young King, at the very beginning of his reign a firmness, which Augustus, the usurper, could obtain only from time and the benefits of his reign.

The blood of Henry IV. and St. Louis, which, for so many ages had rendered the glory of a single family the glory of the whole nation, was more venerable to the French, than it was possible for the fable of Venus and Anchises to be to the Romans. The youth of the King, his graceful person, his wit, the greatness of his character, that mixture of Spanish dignity and Italian elegance, which he had acquired from Anne of Austria and the Cardinal Mazarine, filled all his subjects with admiration, affection and enthusiasm; and it might be asserted of him with more truth than Virgil said of Augustus: "He reigns over people who willingly submit to his laws." Every heart was opened to love, joy and hope; all were prepared to receive agreeable impressions. What dispositions could be more favourable to the introduction of the arts, of letters, and of politeness of manners!

What then is taste, what is grace, what is their effect on society, and how can they alter manners?

Taste is a delicate touch of sensibility applied to agreeable objects. Its judgment is the result of the impressions it has received. It adopts or rejects at once, without reflection or calculation; it consists entirely in emotion. It is independent of rules, for it preceded, nay it made them: and before the understanding has combined the proportions and proprieties, taste has decided: it has judged, because it has felt. It may be said that taste is the consciousness of beauty. Those two principles have, in fact, one common source, sensibility affected by moral sentiments, or by agreeable sentiments. How fertile is this principle of sensibility! The discovery of the nature of the human soul, which is acknowledged to be the principle of love, is the sure basis of morality and of arts as well as of religion†. This discovery gives birth to a new system of metaphysics, which proposes for the object of its researches the whole theory of the affections, as the other embraces in its speculations the whole theory of the ideas.

Ideal beauty, that torch of genius which

* To persons not divested of classic prejudices, this assertion will perhaps appear exaggerated; but if it be considered that the age of Augustus was distinguished only by letters, and that elegance of manners, which cannot be appreciated but by contemporaries; while the age of Louis XIV. was that of all arts, of all talents, of all genius, from Turenne to la Quintinie, from Bossuet to Lenôtre, we shall be astonished at this prodigious fecundity of nature at one period, and shall acknowledge is without either a model or a copy in history.

† "What is religion?" says Pascal, "God sensible to the heart."

illuminated the statuary and the painter, is nothing but moral beauty, intellectual beauty, applied to the arts of imitation. 'Tis there that Phidias found the head of his Olympian Jupiter; thence Raphael borrowed the sublime traits of his transfiguration, and Michael Angelo the sombre touches of his last judgment. The terrible, the graceful and sublime, issue alike from this common source.

In society, where to please is every thing; gracefulness is the sublime in manners; but it can only be acquired by not being sought after; it is the natural fruit of a mind happily formed, or so improved by cultivation and experience of the world, that amiable habits have become perfectly natural.

In fact, grace is the unstudied expression of an amiable sentiment left totally uncontroled; it has its source in truth, its form in negligence, which betrays the truth; it shews it, because it does not think any one is looking on: it is the chaste Diana surprized by Endymion. Grace shines in a word, in a gesture, in a look, in a smile, in an attitude, in every thing that strikes without intending to be remarked; the smallest degree of preparation destroys it; 'tis like the powder on flowers, which is removed by the most delicate touch, by the slightest breath of air. Such is grace in manners; such also is grace in style and in works of art. In all, it is a tender and easy sentiment, which is when unadorned the most adorned; 'tis that delicate art or that happy nature which have so eminently distinguished Virgil and Racine among the poets, and Raphael and Corregio among the painters. As to manners, they are fugitive like their objects; it is impossible to fix models for them; a delicate and practised taste alone can seize them in society.

These observations give us occasion to correct a vulgar error which seems to attach the graces exclusively to voluptuousness. Wherever a tender and amiable sentiment is expressed with truth and negligence, there is also grace. A picture of Henry IV. besieging Paris, and representing that excellent Prince sending bread to his rebellious subjects, reduced to such extremities as to eat the bones from charnel-houses, might be made a subject replete with grace. The painter would have only to infuse into that august head the celestial expression of supernatural benevolence, and as Raphael has done in the Transfiguration, to place a divine head upon a human body.

The aged Priam, demanding of Achilles the body of Hector, would likewise be a graceful subject. That dignity of a great mind, which reigns over its misfortunes; that paternal tenderness which covers and absords the humiliation of the conquered; that resignation which has known every vicissitude of fortune, would all diffuse over the features of the aged monarch a particular grace, the expression of which it belongs to genius to divine; for every air, the accent, and gesture, all the tones and inflections are in nature. The soul placed in a proper situation seems to create them; it is only necessary to feel them, and the artist who attempts to reproduce the scene, must try all the tones of nature, and select that which is in unison with his own heart. This can only be the effect of delicate sensibility.

La Fontaine says:

"Et la grâce plus belle encore que la beauté."

This expression is most strictly true; for if I may venture to say so, beauty is always but imaginary. A certain arrangement of features, a certain aspect of the physiognomy indicate a certain disposition of the soul. I anticipate good-humour, intelligence, sensibility. 'Tis moral beauty that we love, to this the heart flies with ardor; but yet it may all be feigned: Medea knew how to render herself beautiful. In grace it is impossible to be mistaken; it fulfils all the promises of beauty; I cannot be deceived, for I have beheld the soul.

Taste is the delicate sentiment of what pleases the heart, and grace is the true and unstudied expression of an amiable sentiment. We have shewn the application of these principles to the fine arts: let us now endeavour to apply them to the analysis of manners. It would be very difficult to define politeness considered as an art; for the rapidity and multiplicity of circumstances afford no time for the calculations of reflections; there a wrong stroke of the crayon cannot be effaced; the effect is already produced. But, it is not nature that we have to imitate; 'tis our own impressions which it is our business to render; 'tis nature herself that we must carefully cultivate before-hand.

Quintilian defined an orator to be "a good man, skilful in speaking." Thus, according to that great master, eloquence is only the expression of a noble and upright mind, which moves and captivates the hearts of the auditors by the beauty of its sentiments. We shall, in like manner, assert, that politeness† is only the expression of a good disposition, which, by its very goodness, pleases and attracts.

A delicate sentiment of what is due to one's self and to others, and an acute judgment, which at one view comprehends circumstances and their varieties,—these are the basis of that art of

† "Politeness does not always produce benevolence, equity, complaisance, gratitude; it gives at least the appearance of them, and makes the man appear without what he ought to be within." *La Bruyere.*

living, the happy application of which depends on habit, exercise, and practice; these it is that make men polite and amiable. The gift of pleasing is superadded, and hence all the magic of the art is derived.

The Duke de la Rochefoucault was likewise of opinion, that good manners and judgment constitute the basis of politeness, when he said, "Politeness of mind consists in thinking things honourable and decent; and gallantry of mind, in saying flattering things in an agreeable manner."

(To be continued.)

A TALE OF FORMER TIMES.

[*Continued from Page 303, Vol. II.*]

The morning began to dawn when the old man concluded his relation: he then sought on his couch the repose which age and fatigue required. Friedbert followed his example, but a thousand confused ideas agitated his brain; he was still awake when the sun arose, and took for a swan every bird he perceived flying near him.

A few months after this, father Bruno was laid in the silent grave by his adopted son. All the inhabitants of the neighbouring mountains deeply lamented his loss, and performed frequent pilgrimages to the spot where he was interred.—Time, however, diminished the crowds that resorted to this holy sepulchre; but solitude suited Friedbert's romantic disposition, and he rejoiced at the liberty he enjoyed.

At length the summer solstice appeared, and the young hermit never failed to repair every morning and evening to the cabin of reeds, and attentively contemplated the smooth surface of the lake. Long did he wait in vain, but at last he perceived, about noon, three handsome swans, that wheeled their majestic flight at an uncommon elevation above the glassy waters, as though desirous to ascertain whether any mortal were lurking in ambush. The reeds effectually screened Friedbert from their glances, and they descended slowly into the bosom of the lake. When, in a few minutes, three young virgins, holding each other by the hand, appeared sporting amidst the cooling waves, and presented the loveliest group which ever greeted the sight of man.

After having displayed the beauty and elegance of their shape in a thousand playful attitudes, the ravishing strangers began to sing.—But though filled with the liveliest sensations of delight, Friedbert did not yield to the pleasing intoxication; and recollecting Bruno's advice, softly quitted his shelter, and stealing unperceived to the shore, snatched the dazzling plumage, which the agitation of the water had rolled at his feet. Near it he perceived habits of sea-green and flesh-colours; but as the plumage was the only object that could secure him the possession of the daughter of the fairies, he was satisfied with that treasure, and fled exulting to his habitation, where he concealed it in an iron box, and waited impatiently for the prize of his temerity.

As soon as the evening star shed its rays in the sky, two swans alone cleaved the air with hurried flight, as though full of terror, and conscious of the danger which had threatened them. Friedbert followed them with his eyes, and, certain that his plan had succeeded, determined to assume the appearance of sanctity; and lighting his lamp, in order to attract the beautiful nightly wanderer, knelt in his grotto and seemed to count his beads with religious attention.

He presently heard a slight noise, like that of a timid footstep, which feared to betray itself while treading on the yielding sand. The wily hermit appeared still more wrapped in prayer; but, at length, perceiving he was observed, he slowly arose, and cast his eyes towards the door.

He then beheld his lovely prisoner, decked in all the charms of her age and sex; with a countenance that expressed the liveliest sorrow, and the pangs of alarmed modesty.

The first glance captivated the affections of the tender Friedbert; and when her delicate lips opened to address him, he listened enraptured to her melodious voice, but could not understand the words she spoke, her language being quite unknown to him.

He, however, guessed that she was entreating him to return her the plumage which he had stolen, but feigned not to comprehend her, and only sought to make her sensible that her virtue had nothing to fear while under his protection.

He shewed her a neat and comfortable bed in a separate part of the grotto, presented her some excellent fruits and preserves, and attempted by every means in his power, to win her confidence.

But the afflicted maiden seemed unconscious of all around her, and abandoning herself to grief sobbed aloud. The good-natured hermit was so

affected at witnessing the sorrow which he had occasioned, that he could not refrain from tears; and played his part so well, that the lovely stranger seemed to feel some consolation from the sympathy which he expressed.

She no longer suspected him of having taken her plumage, but mentally entreated his forgiveness for having accused him. She now wished to discover some means by which she might make her benevolent host comprehend the cause of her grief.

The first night was spent in sadness; but at the first dawning of the morning Friedbert performed his usual devotions, which the young stranger was not displeased to observe. She even partook of some breakfast with him, and then hastened to seek, on the banks of the lake, for her lost plumage, which she at last fancied had been carried away by the light breath of the evening gale. The officious hermit seemed as active as herself in searching for her treasure, which he knew very well was not in her power to discover. This employment renewed in some degree the grief of the beautiful descendant of the fairy race; but the blood which warms their veins flows more cheerfully than that of mortals; sorrow is soon effaced from their hearts, like the shades of night from the surface of the earth. By degrees she became accustomed to her situation, and her countenance brightened like the sky after a summer's shower. She likewise felt reconciled to the companion of her solitude, and her eyes sometimes rested with pleasure on the animated and pleasing countenance of the young hermit. He observed this with internal joy; and, by every attention that love could suggest, sought to dese.ve and increase the favourable sentiments she already evinced for him. Love had metamorphosed the common good sense of the soldier into a refined understanding, and had given him the faculty of fathoming all the hidden recesses of the female heart; it also inspired them with the means of comprehending each other. It was, however, long before Friedbert's curiosity could be gratified respecting the young stranger's country, name, and condition in life; but by the assistance of their new language, he learned at length that the fair maid was a Grecian, but his pleasure and surprise greatly encreased when he discovered that she owed her birth to Prince Zeus and the lovely Zoe, of Naxos, so long the object of Bruno's attachment.

"And now, my good father," continued she, "tell me how you came acquainted with the virtue of the lake; and why my mother warned me and my sisters to avoid the western bath? Had she met with a similar misfortune? We were sent every year to the sources of the Nile, but my mother never accompanied us; for my father, tormented by jealousy, strictly confined her, preferring the loss of her charms to the possibility of her preserving them for any one but himself. This prohibition has entirely deprived her of her youth and beauty. My father is now dead, and my mother spends her widowhood in cheerless solitude; we lived with her, far removed from my uncle's court, who has succeeded our father in the government of the Cyclades, and never quitted her but during our journies to the fairy baths.

My eldest sisters took, a few years ago, the imprudent determination of steering their flight towards the west, against my mother's advice. During this journey, which we carefully concealed from her, we met with no accident; and as we were less incommoded by the heat of the sun than when we crossed the Desarts of Egypt, we continued to repair to this lake until I became the victim of my sisters' folly.

"Where does that wicked magician conceal himself," continued the maid, "who watched the nymphs in the bath, to steal a plumage which can prove of no utility to him? Conjure him, holy man, to descend from the regions of the sky, if they be his dwelling, or rise from the bosom of the earth, and command him to restore me that invaluable treasure which distinguishes my race from the rest of mortals."

Pleased with Calista's error, for such was the name of the fair Grecian, Friedbert related to her the wild frolics of the Prince of the Genii, who, he affirmed, took a malicious delight in tormenting the bathers. He told her also that he had no power over spirits; but he had heard of a certain sylph, who had likewise lost her feathers, but found a faithful lover, who dispelled every feeling of regret.

Comfort seemed to drop from the lips of the youth; yet, notwithstanding the beauties which nature had strewed around, their solitude appeared tiresome; but no sooner had the complaisant hermit been made acquainted with the wishes of her heart, than he declared his readiness to forsake the lonely grotto; but at the same time informed her that nothing could indemnify him for this sacrifice, but domestic happiness in the arms of a virtuous wife. While uttering these last words, he fixed his eyes on her with such expressive tenderness, that his meaning was no longer doubtful. She blushed and looked down, but Friedbert understood her answer. From that moment he exerted himself in making the necessary preparations for their departure; and after having resumed his military garb, set off with his lovely companion for Suabia.

In this province there is a small town called Eglisau, there Friedbert's mother resided. Not

having heard from her son for so long a time, she concluded that he had been killed in battle; and never failed to bestow a trifle on every maimed soldier who stopped before her door on his return from the army. She asked a thousand questions about her dear Friedbert; and often did an artful invalid impose on her some story respecting her son,—told her how bravely he had fought and honourably fallen, and how many blessings he had sent her with his dying breath. She then never failed to set before him a bottle of her best wine, while tears fell from her eyes, and her heart throbbed with grief.

A messenger on horseback at last announced one day that the brave Friedbert had not perished in the wars, but was returning to his native land crowned with riches which he had won in the east, from which place he had brought back a bride of exquisite beauty, the Sultan of Egypt's daughter, with immense treasures for her portion.

Such were the modest reports of fame, yet they were not without some foundation; he had found in Bruno's grotto a sum large enough to support the rank of a knight, and augmented his suite as he approached the place of his nativity. He had purchased horses superbly caparisoned, and wore, as well as the lovely Calista, the most splendid apparel.

When the inhabitants of Augsburg saw the cavalcade passing through their streets, they hailed their brother citizen with shouts of joy. His relations, even to his tenth cousins, as well as a large party of his townsmen, headed by the magistrates, advanced to meet him, with the city flag unfurled, while bagpipes and hautboys proclaimed his arrival. Joy and pride sparkled in the eyes of Friedbert's mother as she embraced her son. She gave a great entertainment, to which all her friends were invited, and distributed among the poor the whole contents of her purse. The town resounded with the praises of the beautiful Grecian; and many knights, who were great admirers of beauty, eagerly sought Friedbert's acquaintance. One called him his fellow-soldier, another his old friend, a third his cousin, and all were profuse in his protestations of friendship.

The object of his former passion had been for some time married, and therefore her family was no longer exasperated against our young soldier; and since he had acquired riches, he also found means of palliating his conduct towards his captain. The fair stranger alone occupied all his thoughts; and as she saw so prospect of ever returning to her own country, she felt no reluctance in becoming the bride of a young man in the bloom of youth, and who appeared now to much advantage since he had changed the hermit's cloak for the dress of a knight.— She, therefore, overlooked the difference of their rank, and consented to bestow her hand upon him.

The wedding clothes were purchased, the hour fixed, and the good mother had superintended all the preparations for the festival, when the day previous to the ceremony the bridegroom went on horseback, according to the custom of the country, to give invitations to his friends. Calista, meanwhile tried on her splendid dress, but perceiving something which required to be altered, sent for her mother-in-law to ask her advice. When the old woman approached, she burst forth into exclamations of praise upon the beauty, elegance and grace of her daughter, and at last on the habit itself, but when she perceived that Calista's opinion differed from hers, she immediately changed her tone, lest she should betray her ignorance of the prevailing fashions. The young Grecian's chief objection rested on the aukward form of her head-dress. "Why," said she, sighing, "have I not on my wedding day my beautiful feathers, as light and dazzling as flakes of descending snow. I should have proved an object of envy to all the young maidens of the city, and then indeed you might have praised my beauty. This ornament of my country women is no longer mine, and I have lost the jewel which spreads resistless charms over its possessor, and captivates the heart of every beholder."

A tear, the child of painful recollection, stole down Calista's cheek as she spoke these words, and the kind heart of her mother-in-law was melted, and she could no longer refrain from betraying a secret, which had been entrusted to her, and which she had long wished to reveal. Her son had related to her how he had acquired the plumage without telling her its properties, and had consigned it to her care as a pledge of affection, enjoining her to conceal it from every eye. Pleased with this opportunity of communicating her secret; "weep not, my dear child," she exclaimed, "the brightness of your eyes must not be dimmed with tears, and regret spoil the joys of your wedding day. Your feathers are perfectly safe, they are in my possession, and since you long so much for them, I will instantly restore them to you, provided you promise not to betray me to your husband." Calista remained mute with astonishment; she felt the most lively joy at finding her lost plumage, and the bitterest resentment at the deception which Friedbert had practised upon her. She had, however, recovered in some degree from her surprize, when the old woman returned, and

hastily snatching the snowy feathers from her hands, she opened the window and fixed them on. No sooner had they touched her shoulders than she resumed the form of a swan, and expanding her silver wings, took her flight and bade adieu to Friedbert's abode.

[*To be concluded in our next.*] P. 8

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON USEFUL SCIENCES.

ON THE POWER OF MUSIC UPON ANIMALS;

With an Account of the Concert given to two Elephants at the Botanic Garden in Paris, on the 29th May, 1798. *In a Letter to a Friend, dated the 7th of August following.*

"*Natura ducimur ad modos.*"
"By Nature we are inclined to Music."—QUINTIL.

You wish to be informed particularly what effects music produced on the Elephants, those animals whose social instinct and habitudes are at all times very apt to pique our curiosity. You think that the experiment of giving pleasure to a sensible being is certainly better than that of giving it pain: I am of your opinion; and, under favour of the learned Haller, and all those physiologists who have worked like him, I believe it is more rational, and above all more humane, to study the springs and functions of life, in life itself, than to seek them in death, or in the convulsions of an expiring animal.

Be this as it may, I thank those artists, who, armed, not with scalpels and instruments of torture, but with hautboys, flutes, and fiddles, came to exercise the charm of their art, on two beings endowed with sentiment; to loosen their natural faculties which slavery holds in chains; to excite and calm them alternately; to revive in their wild mind the instinct of their native country; and at last to conduct them, by means of the accents of joy and tenderness to the illusions of that love, which to be fully satisfied will bear no witnesses; in truth a deceitful enjoyment, but which, at least give a glimpse of the manner in which those animals fulfil the functions to which nature calls them for the multiplication of their species.

For this lively demonstration, such as can never be seen on anatomical theatres, we are indebted to the talents of thirteen of the most distinguished musicians in Paris, chiefly attached to the conservatory of music.

The orchestra was placed out of sight of the Elephants, in a gallery above the place they were kept in, and round a large circular trap door, which was not opened till the moment the concert began. In order to give more liberty to the motions of Hans and Margaret, for so they are called, the enjoyment of both the apartments which compose their habitation was left to them, so that they being ready, and the instruments in tune, all was silent, and the trap-door was lifted up without noise, whilst to improve the effect of the surprise, their *cornac* or keeper gave them cakes and other dainties, to prevent their attending much to what was doing.

The concert began with a trio for two violins and a bass, in B *major*, consisting of short airs with variations of a moderate character.

No sooner were the first sounds heard than Hans and Peggy, lending an ear, left off eating; they soon ran towards the place from whence the sounds proceeded. The opening over their heads, the instruments of a strange form, of which they only perceived the extremities, the men floating as it were in the air, the invisible harmony, for which they attempted to feel, with their trunks, the silence of the spectators, the immovable attitude of their *cornac*, all at first appeared to them subjects of curiosity, wonder and apprehension.

They went round the trap-door, directing their trunks towards the opening, rising from time to time on their hind legs; approached their *cornac*, sought his caresses, returned with more uneasiness, gazed at the assistants, and seemed to examine whether there was not a snare laid for them. But those first emotions of fear were soon appeased, when they found every thing remained peaceable round them: then giving way without any mixture of dread to the impulse of sound, they seemed to feel no other sensations but what proceeded from the music.

This alteration in their temper was particularly remarkable at the end of the trio, which the performers terminated with the famous

Scythian dance in B *minor*, in the opera of *Iphigenia in Tauride*, by Gluck; music of a savage character strongly pronounced, and which communicated all the agitation of its rhythmus to the Elephants.

From their gait, sometimes precipitated, sometimes slackened, from their motions sometimes sudden, and at other times slow, it appeared as if they followed the undulations of the song and the measure. They often bit the bars of their cells, wrung them hard with their trunks, pressed them with the weight of their body, as if they wanted room to play in, and that they wished to enlarge the boundaries of their prison. Piercing cries, and whistlings escaped from them at intervals; is this from pleasure or from anger? was asked of the *cornac*: *they not angry*, answered he.

This passion was calmed, or rather changed its object with the following air: *O ma tendre Musette*, performed in C *minor*, on the bassoon alone, without any accompaniment.

The simple and tender melody of this romance, rendered still more plaintive by the melancholy accent of the bassoon, attracted them as it were by enchantment.—They marched a few paces, stopped to listen, returned and placed themselves under the orchestra, gently agitated their trunks, and seemed to respire its amorous emanations.

It must be remarked that during the performance of this air, they did not emit a single cry, nor received any determination extraneous to the music. Their motions were slow, measured, and partook of the softness of the tune.

But the charm did not operate equally on both. Whilst Hans contained himself with his usual prudence and circumspection, Peggy, impassioned, caressingly flattered him with her long and flexible hand, which she passed and repassed over his back, and on his neck, then over her own, touched her breasts with the finger at the extremity of her proboscis, and, as if that finger was imprinted with a more pressing and tender sentiment, she instantly carried it to her mouth, and afterwards into the ear of Hans, who did not attend to, or perhaps was still ignorant of that language.

This dumb scene took all at once a character of transport and disorder from the gay and lively accents of the air *Ca Ira*, performed in D, by the whole band of musicians, and of which the effect was singularly heightened by the piercing sound of the small flute.

From their transports, from their cries of joy, sometimes grave, at other times shrill, but always varied in their tones; from their whistlings, their goings and comings, it might have been supposed that the rhythmus of that tune, which marches in doubled time, pressed them hard, and forced them to follow its mood.

The female redoubled her solicitations; her caresses were more demonstrative, her allurements more poignant; she often ran rapidly away from the male, and returned backwards, kicking him gently with her hind feet, to acquaint him she was there; but poor Peggy lost her labour. Happily for her the invisible power which troubled her senses, was likewise able to appease them.

The instruments were no longer playing, and she still followed their impulse, when like those refreshing rains which temper the summer heats, the soft harmony of two human voices descended from the orchestra like a cloud to calm her delirium. In the midst of her most lively transports, she was seen to moderate herself suddenly, to suspend gradually all her desires; and lastly to stand still, letting her trunk rest on the floor. The repose of which she reflected the image, was in an *Adagio* of the opera of *Dardanus*, "*Plaintive Manes*," sung by two voices, with all its accompaniments in B *flat*.

These effects, however marvellous they may appear, have, notwithstanding, nothing which ought to surprise us; if we reflect that the passions of animals, like human passions, have naturally a rhythmical character, absolute, independent of all education and habitude. In marking the movements which are suitable to those passions, and joining to them the proper accents, music revives and excites them; it changes and calms them at will, by combining the measure, the order, and the succession of those movements. To which we add, that the passions of animals owning no other law than nature, are always simple, and consequently more easily moved, directed and ruled than those of mankind, which are for the most part composed, and participate more or less of each other.

But nothing more strongly proves those relations, those intimate correspondencies of rhythmus and melody with the motions and actions of the passions than the indifference in which both our Elephants remained whilst the band was for the second time playing the air of *Ca Ira*, immediately after that of *Dardanus*, only changing the key from D to F. It was still the same tune, but it no longer retained the same expression: it was still the same harmony, but it had lost its first energy; it was still the same relative duration of the measures, but those measures were less marked, and no longer indicated the same rhythmus.

I pass rapidly over the following pieces, such as the overture of the *Devin du Village*, which excited them to gaiety; the song of *Henri IV*.

" *Charmante Gabrielle*," which plunged them in a sort of languor, and relenting temper, which were well expressed in their looks and their attitude. Some other tunes produced nothing, these are not worth mentioning; and I return to the third repetition of *Ca Ira*, performed as at first, in D, with the addition of several voices. None but a witness can form any just idea of its effects. The female could no longer command herself; she trotted about, leaped in cadence, and mixed accents like those of a trumpet, with the sounds of the voices and instruments, which were not discordant with the general harmony. On approaching the male, her ears flapped against her head with extreme quickness, whilst her amorous trunk solicited him in all the sensible parts of his body. Neither did she spare her gentle kicks. She often during her delirium, fell on her croups, with her fore-feet in the air, and her back leaning against the bars of the lodge. In this posture she was heard to emit cries of desire; but instantly after, as if she had been ashamed of an action to which there were so many witnesses, she rose and continued her cadenced course.

After a short rest, new tunes and new instruments were tried. This second part of the concert was given under the eyes of the Elephants and close to their lodges.

Although the male had not as yet felt the ardour of his female, and although no sensation of appetite and desire had yet shown itself in his exterior motions, the moment was not far off, in which he would emerge from that state of indifference.

At first he showed neither pain nor pleasure whilst a brilliant symphony of Haydn, in C *major*, was performing. The sight of the orchestra, the musicians and their apparatus, with the resounding tones of the various instruments, did not attract his attention; he testified neither curiosity nor surprise; but when that piece was finished, no sooner did the clarinet alone, begin to play the simple and pathetic pag-pipe air in the overture of *Nina*, than he sought for the voice which flattered him, and stood still just before the instrument, extending his trunk towards it. Attentive and immovable he remained listening. In the mean time the fires of love insinuated themselves into his veins; betrayed by exterior signs, and as it were himself astonished at that new sensation, he retreated a few paces, and when the symptoms diminished, or were quite gone, he returned to the music, listened, and found himself again in the same state; these were transient fires, which only sparkled a few moments and disappeared, without even serving to guide him towards his mate.

The clarinet having slid without interruption into the romance *O, ma tendre Musette*, in D *minor*, (which had been before performed on the bassoon in C *minor*,) his illusion kept up; but the charm appeared to forsake him all of a sudden when the air *Ca Ira* was repeated for the fourth time. Perhaps the effect of that tune was exhausted; perhaps also the organs of those animals began to be fatigued with being exercised too much. This is very probable, because neither of them paid the least attention to the french-horn, which terminated the concert. That instrument, which they had not before heard, would probably have made some impression on them if it had been sooner blown.

A few days after this concert the elephants were detected by their keeper, in attempting to practise at night the lessons they had learned from the agitation and heat into which they had been thrown by the music.

It would therefore be prudent not to repeat the proof but with great caution, and not till they enjoy greater liberty in the park which is preparing for them. Then three other means no less powerful might be made to concur: the food more choice and abundant; the pleasure of meeting each again after a short or long separation; and the season of spring which invites all beings to love. Above all, the experiment ought to be made on a fine moon-light night: it should appear they were placed in the most absolute solitude, and where the most powerful silence reigned: they should not see any of the musicians, nor even their *cornac*. Not a word should be heard, but only the vocal and intrumental melodies. Their instinct thus recalled, their desires revived, not suspecting any traps or surprise, perhaps they might accomplish the wish of nature, in giving themselves up, as if they were in the solitary countries of India, to that security which is exacted for an act which leaves them without defence against their enemies.

We find in the writings of Pliny, of Suetonius, and of Plutarch, anecdotes about elephants, which prove their natural inclination to music. Some were seen in the public spectacles of ancient Rome who were taught to perform in cadence to to the sound of instruments, certain evolutions, or sorts of military dances. In the Indies where they hold such a distinguished rank at the court of Kings, they have musicians attached to their service.

" When the King of Pegu gives audience, the Dutch travellers say, that his four white elephants are brought before him, who pay him their reverence by raising their trunk, opening their mouth, and giving three distinct cries, and kneeling——." " Whilst they are cleaning and dressing, they stand under a canopy which is supported by eight servants, in order to shelter them from the heat of the sun. In marching to those

vessels which contain their food and their water, they are preceded by three trumpets, the chords of which they attend to, and march with great gravity, regulating their paces by the sound of these instruments."—(*Collection of Voyages of the Dutch East India Company*.

So great is the empire of music on all living beings, that men have made use of it not only to civilize themselves and regulate their own manners, but also to subdue animals, soften their ferocious nature, direct the use of their strength, excite their courage, develope and extend their most generous qualities. At the beat of the drum, and the accents of the warlike trumpet, the horse feels his natural pride redoubled; his eyes sparkle, his feet paw the ground, he only waits for the signal of his master to rush into the midst of dangers; does he return victorious? behold him still foaming with ardour, impatient of the bridle, and subjecting his paces and his motions to the grave and moderate measure of a triumphal march*.

The charm of melody supports the ox in the midst of his painful toils; it beguiles his fatigue and revives his strength. The custom of whistling or singing to those animals is universal in France, but especially in that part which is called Lower Poitou. On this subject the interesting author of the "Essays on the Propagation of Music in France," says:—"It is not enough to be young and robust, to cultivate the land there; the labourer who is most sought after, and who receives the greatest wages, is he whom they call the *Noter* (*le Noteur*.) His principal function is not to hold the plough, or to handle the spade, but to sing whilst the oxen are painfully tracing their furrows."

"The song of the *Noter* is not any regular tune: it is an extempore melody composed of a series of pure sounds, often artfully prolonged, and with accents infinitely varied, although on a smaller number of chords."

"The short extent of the *Gamut* which is used by the *Noters* in this kind of music, gives it a melancholy character, which suits both the country and its inhabitants. Perhaps this apparent sadness is indicated by nature, as an harmonic proportion with the slow, painful, equal march of the oxen, and the efforts of the tiller, whose hand laboriously directs the plough-share in a hard thick soil. Be this as it may, the peasants there are passionately fond of this melody, and believe that it dissipates the weariness of their oxen."

"The camel, one of the animals which has been longest subjected to man, learns to march by the song; he regulates his pace by the cadence, and moves slowly or quickly according to the time of the tunes which are sung to him; he stops when he no longer hears the song of his master; the whip does not make him advance, but if he be required to travel farther than usual, the song which the camel prefers is resumed."—[*Chardin's Travels in Persia.*]

Even the violent character of the buffalo, and its gross manners, yield to the charms of melody. The keepers of the young buffaloes which inhabit the Pontine marshes in Italy, give a name to each of them, and to teach them to know that name, they often repeat it in a singing tone, caressing them under the chin. These young buffaloes are thus instructed in a short time, and never forget their name, to which they answer exactly by stopping, although mixed in a herd of two or three thousand buffaloes. The habitude of the buffalo to hear his name cadenced is so fixed that when grown up he will not suffer any one to approach him without that kind of chant, especially the female who is to be milked.

The taste of the dog, for music is well known, particularly that of which the strongly marked rhythmus bears a relation to the frank and open character of that animal; and likewise his antipathy to continued discords, and sounds prolonged without any determinate measure.

Buffon makes mention of some dogs who left their kennel or the kitchen to attend a concert, and afterwards returned to their usual residence. But a still more remarkable fact deserves to be recorded in the moral history of those animals. At the beginning of the revolution in France, a dog went every day to the parade before the palace of the *Thuilleries*, placing himself between the legs of the musicians, walking with them, and stopping when they stopped. After the parade he disappeared till the next day at the same hour, when he returned to his customary place. The constant appearance of this dog, and the pleasure he seemed to take in music, made the musicians take notice of him, who, not knowing his name, gave him that of *Parade*. He was vrey soon caressed by them all, and invited alternately to dinner. He who wished to invite him, had only to say, stroking his back, *Parade, you dine with me to day*. This was sufficient; the dog followed his host, eat his dinner with pleasure, but soon after, constant in his taste as well as in his independence, friend *Parade* took his leave, without attending to any entreaties for his stay, and went either to the Opera or to the Italian play-

* What Pliny relates of the cavalry of Sybarites, which moved in cadence to the sound of instruments, may be seen at the *Manège* of *Franconi*, in Paris, where the horses of their own accord, follow the rhythmus of the airs which are played to them.—The same may be seen at Astley's and the Circus.

house, entered without ceremony into the orchestra, placed himself in a corner and remained there till the end of the performance.

It is needless to dwell on the musical talents of birds, of whom the greater part are born melodists. This art with them, is only the language of nature and the interpreter of pleasure.

Fish, who cannot live in the same element as man, have escaped from his yoke, and retained the primitive print of their nature. Notwithstanding which the sound of instruments is capable of modifying them to a certain point. "I have seen," says Chabanon in his *Treatise on music*, "little fish which were kept in a glass vessel of which the top was uncovered, seek the sound of the violin, rise to the surface of the water to hear it, lift up their head and remain immoveable in that situation: if I came near them without touching the instrument, they were frightened and plunged to the bottom of the vessel. I tried this experiment many times." it is well known that Carp in ponds rise to the surface of the water at the tinkling of a bell, or the sound of a whistle, and they have been seen to follow the person who made these sounds, swimming all round the pond and leaping playfully out of the water.

Lastly, the musical instinct is manifested even in insects. Spiders have been seen to descend from their web, and to remain suspended by a single thread as long as an instrument was played on.

Gretry, in his *Essays on music* says, In a small old house which I inhabited, a person happened to crush a spider which he saw on my Piano-forte whilst I was playing. He was very sorry for having done so, when I told him that for a long time past I had seen the spider come down from its web as soon as I began to play, remain on the piano, and when I left off playing, remount to its usual place. There was no doubt but it was attracted by the music.

These observations might be more extended; it might be shown how rhythmus joined to melody, first united men and regulated the primitive societies: rhythmus, by measuring time and motion, without which measure, men cannot work in common; and melody by charming their troubles, which charm appears to be innate, as the child in the cradel feels it, and is appeased by the song of its nurse; how animals themselves sensible of this art approached mankind, and how men had bent them to his yoke, not only by gentleness and good treatment, but also by means of the influence of music on all animated and sensible beings: for, by force slaves may be made, but not friends and faithful servants. Do not the foregoing examples sufficiently explain the prodigies of *Orpheus?* And when we read in *Chardin*, that in *Persia*, when a work is to be undertaken which requires a multitude of hands, and great expedition, such as to construct or demolish edifices, level a piece of ground, &c. the inhabitants of a whole district assemble and work together to the sound of instruments, in order to increase the dispatch; does it not seem to be the walls of Thebes rising to the sound of the Lyre of Amphion.

THE ANTIQUARIAN OLIO.

MR. EDITOR,

A great part of my leisure hours has been devoted in perusing the characters, amusements, habits, and eccentricities of our ancestors, and among the rest, the various changes, improvements, &c. &c of this metropolis.

I flatter myself by affording a portion of your valuable and elegant Miscellany to my occasional extracts and observations, under the title of *The Antiquarian Olio*, you may give some information as well as amusement to your numerous subscribers. I am, Sir, yours, &c. &c.

B——.

UNITED to London by a continued succession of houses, as Westminster now is, it will scarcely be imagined that it was at one time a separate and distinct village, a mile distant from London; but still less will it be conceived to have been as it actually was, an island cut from it, by a branch of the river Thames, and originally denominated Thorney Island, from the circumstance, as it is said, of its being over-grown with thorns and brambles. Its connection with the main land was by means of a bridge, which Matilda, Queen of Henry I. erected over the stream in King street, at the east end of Gardener-lane.

STRAND.

At this early period no houses existed in the Strand, which, as its name implies, was at first only an open plain, sloping down to the river, but intersected by several little cuts or channels, through which the water from the hills on its

north side was conveyed into the Thames. And over these rivulets, wherever they occurred, bridges, consisting probably of no more than one small stone arch, were erected, to continue the road and preserve the communication. One of these, called Strand-bridge, was between Surrey-street and the present Somerset-place; another, named Ivy-bridge, between Salisbury-street and where the Adelphi now stands; and a third, it is said, discovered not long since, opposite the end of Essex-street. These water-courses and bridges are, in fact, still existing, but being converted into sewers and covered with streets, are no longer visible. And where the spot called Charing-cross now is, was, in ancient time, the village of Charing, equally detached from both London and Westminster, and nearly equidistant from each.

About the time of Henry III. the Courts, particularly the Common Pleas, became stationary at Westminster, which had also become the most usual place of holding the Parliament. Many of the bishops especially, and others of the nobility, therefore, for the purpose of more convenient attendance when the Parliament was held there, were induced to erect palaces on the edge of the river, and by so doing to connect, by a line of buildings, the two villages of Charing and London. Howel has remarked, that from Dorset-house, Fleet-street, to Whitehall, all the great houses built on the Thames were episcopal palaces, except the Savoy and Suffolk-house.

Within a few years a house has been pulled down, though not old, yet rendered sufficiently illustrious, by the temporary residence of the Duke de Sully, when Ambassador here. It stood on the north side of the Strand, near Temple Bar; it is said to have been at that time inhabited by Chrisopher Harley, Count Beaumont, ambassador from France in the year 1605, and the Duke de Sully, who came over as ambassador extraordinary, resided here for a few days after his arrival, till Arundel-house, then situated where Arundel street now is, could be prepared for his reception.

On the south side of the Strand, beginning from Temple Bar, the first in local situation, though not in chronological order, was Exeter house, erected, as it is supposed by the then Bishop of that see, about the reign of Edward II.

Near this and between Essex house and Milford-lane, was a chapel dedicated to the Holy Ghost, called S. Spirit.

To the west of this last was the bishop of Bath's house, or inn, as it was usual to call such residences. Beyond this, on the side of the street, was a church-yard, in which stood the parish church of the Nativity of St. Mary and the Innocent. In the Strand, nearly adjoining this church, and between that and the river, was an inn of Chancery, called Chester's inn, because it belonged to the Bishop of Chester; but denominated by some, from its situation, Strand inn.

At a small distance from the church, stood Strand-bridge, which had a lane or way under it, leading down to a landing-place on the banks of the Thames. The precise spot may still be ascertained from the name of Strand-lane, which a turning-down from the Strand to the water, between Surrey-street and Somerset-place, still retains.

The bishop of Chester's own house, or residence, stood a little to the west of Strand-bridge. It was called equally the Bishop of Chester's and the Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry's inn, and was first built by Walter Langton, bishop of Chester, treasurer of England in the reign of Edward I.

In the high-street, opposite the bishop of Chester's, or Coventry's inn, stood at one time a stone-cross, at which, in 1294, and at other times, the justices itinerant sat, without London; but afterwards they sat in that bishop's house. No great distance from the cross, occurred the palace of the Savoy, erected in 1245.

To the Savoy, succeeded the bishop of Carlisle's inn, which in 1618, and also in 1633, was inhabited by the earl of Bedford, and called Russell, or Bedford house. It is described as extending from the hospital of the Savoy to Ivy-bridge, which, in the map of St. Martin's parish, in Strype's Stow, book vi. page 66, is represented as the next turning beyond Salisbury-street to the west; so that it must have been the house which stood on the scite of the present Beaufort-buildings, and was at one time inhabited by the earl of Worcester.

(To be continued.) pg 97

CULINARY RESEARCHES.

[*Continued from Vol. II Page* 151.]

ON PASTRY.

PASTRY is to cookery, what rhetorical figures are to speech; its life and ornament. An harangue without metaphors, and a dinner without pastry, would be equally insipid; but as every body is not possessed of eloquence, so few people know the art of scientifically handling paste. Good pastrycooks are almost as scarce as great orators; and if in the records of speech, five or six great men have been justly celebrated, we should find some trouble in the history of the oven, to quote as many famous artists. The bar of Greece has been immortalized by a Demosthenes and an Eschines; and that of Rome by a Cicero and an Hortensius; and in France the rolling-pin has only been scientifically wielded by a Rouget, a Lesage, a Leblanc and Gendrons, and very few others, who follow their steps. As to the pastrycooks of other countries, they are never even mentioned. Those of France alone have distinguished themselves Toulouse and Strasburgh have acquired a great name by their liver pies, and Perigueux by its partridge ones; but how far are these preparations from those productions at the same time ingenious and deep which daily issue from the first ovens of Paris.

Pastry is an art both agreeable and useful; which young ladies would do well to practice; it would give them a pleasing occupation, and sure means of recovering or preserving their health and beauty. May I be allowed to quote on this subject, a few lines from a celebrated writer on cookery and pastry, to whom the world has been indebted for the best works that have ever been composed on the alimentary art:

" Cookery has the power of banishing *ennui* from all ranks; of offering a variety of amusements; of giving a gentle and salutary exercise to the human frame; of promoting a free circulation of the blood, from which we acquire appetite, strength and gaiety; of reuniting our friends; and tends to the perfection of that art, known and revered ever since the darkest ages of antiquity, and which on that account deserves some attention from all those who compose society.

" Amiable fair ones, who are suffering under the affliction of ill health or *ennui*, quit the destructive couch, which consumes the spring of your days; and let those moulds, destined for the purpose of forming innumerable delicacies, be no longer grasped by hands that are often disgusting; but let sugar, jessamine and roses be united by hands of the graces, and your offerings presented under a variety of interesting shapes, will make your delicious productions be sought for with avidity, and they will prove invaluable, when created by those who are so dear to us!"

ON COOKS.

In cookery, as well as almost every other art, theory is nothing unless it be accompanied with practice; and a man who possesses all the elements of cookery, and who has all the treatises that have been written on this art engraven on his memory, will be incapable of making a good fricassee of chickens, if he has never worn an apron. A blind routine, void of study and knowledge, does not indeed constitute an artist; but a theory without practice, will never afford the means of composing a faultless ragout. The lowest scullion will succeed better in this, than the most learned philosopher.

But the practice of cookery is accompanied with so many disagreeables, and even dangers, that those who devote themselves to it ought to meet with our respect, our esteem, and attentions; for money alone is not an adequate recompence for a scientific cook.

We will not speak of the unwholesome vapours exhaled by the coals, which soon undermine the most robust health; of the intense heat of the fire, so pernicious to the lungs and sight; of the smoke so inimical to the eyes and complexion, &c. These are dangers which incessantly arise, and which nothing can ward off. A cook must live in the midst of them, as the soldier in the midst of bullets and bombs; with this difference, however, that for the first, every day is a day of battle, and the combat is almost always unattended with renown, and the name even of the most skilful cook is, alas! generally unknown to the guests who frequent an opulent table.

It belongs to the *Amphitryon*, who wishes that his table should retain its pre-eminence, to remedy this injustice. If he wishes to be uniformly well served, his cook ought to be his best friend. He must tenderly watch over his health; he must bestow on him those little attentions, which an honest and grateful heart knows so well how to appreciate, and above all things he must often make him take physic!

At this word, we anticipate that many of our readers will start with astonishment, and deny that any connexion can possibly exist between an artist in cookery and an apothecary's shop, and refuse to credit how the delicacies of a table

can depend on the care a master of a house takes to make his cook often take physic. A few explanatory words will demonstrate that nothing can be more simple.

We have said at the commencement of this article, that practice was absolutely necessary to obtain perfection in this art. Tasting continually the various dishes forms a very prominent feature in this practice. A good cook should be almost incessantly thus employed, or he will never be able to season his ragouts with a masterly hand. His palate must then be extremely delicate, that a mere nothing may stimulate it and inform him of his fault.

But the continual fumes arising from the stoves, the necessity of drinking often, to cool their parched throats, the vapours arising from the walls, the bile and humours that when in motion enervate their faculties, in short all conspire to soon alter a cook's taste, unless he be carefully attended to. The palate becomes in some measure incrusted, and no longer retains that *tact*, that quickness, that exquisite sensibility, on which depends the organ of taste; it finishes by being excoriated, and becomes as callous as the conscience of an old judge.

The only means of making him recover his pristine purity, delicacy and vigour, is to make him take physic, whatever resistance he may be inclined to oppose; for there are some who, deaf to the voice of glory, do not perceive the necessity of taking medicine when they do not feel ill.

But how is the precise time when the above remedy should be put in practice to be ascertained? There can be no fixed period: it depends on the person's labour, his constitution, and a thousand other circumstances. But in general when you observe that your cook appears negligent, when his *ragouts* are too salt, or too highly seasoned, you may be assured that his palate has lost its faculty of tasting, and that it is time to call in the apothecary to your assistance. He must first be well prepared by two days regimen, and then a potion composed of manna, senna, and salts must be administered to him, the dose of which must be regulated according to the more or less insensibility of his palate; you must afterwards allow him one day of complete rest; renew the potion to free him of all humours, let two days of perfect rest again follow this last medicine, and you may after this flatter yourself to have at the head of your kitchen a quite regenerated man.

This recipe, to insure a good cheer is not a joke. It is practised in all families where the *Amphitryon* is desirous of carefully preserving the honour of his table. All eminent cooks submit to it without a murmur; and to prevent any opposition on their part, it ought to be mentioned to them as the first article of their engagement. He who would make any objection would prove that he is not born to soar above the vulgar, and this indifference to glory would immediately make him be ranged in that class of simple artisans, who all their lives are destined to remain low born scullions.

O you, who wish to enjoy the pleasures of the table in its highest perfection, make your cooks often take physic: for this precaution is indispensably necessary to its attainment.

FAMILIAR LETTERS ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

[*Continued from Page* 313, *Vol. II*]

LETTER V.

Permit me, before I enter upon this important subject, to recall to your mind a rule written by Aristotle, and which I have already mentioned to you. It is, that we ought not to form a decided opinion upon any point from the authority of one single sign, but the union of several. Thus, should the complexion and the conformation of the face not agree together, to give any judgment would be a rash and improper act. There are, however, some peculiar cases which, even according to Aristotle's doctrine, are not subjected to the same general rule, thus one sign may sometimes be so expressive as to equal the value of two or three; it may also prove sufficient to those who wish to obtain a superficial knowledge only, but it ought never to be chosen for the basis of a settled opinion.—Sunken eyes always indicate some degree of wit, or at least of fire, which might have been improved into wit; and you will find that a florid complexion expresses a better temper than a pale and lived hue. Cæsar gave a strong instance of his knowledge in physiognomy, when he answered his friend, who advised him to mistrust Anthony and Dolabella, "I do not fear those fair and florid complexioned men, but those meagre and pale visages," pointing at Brutus and Cassius.

The next important rule, is that which teaches you to distinguish the *accidental* physiognomy of a man from that with which nature has endowed him; for a visible difference exists be-

tween them. That usual state of the features, which I call *permanent* physiognomy, is often altered by an unforeseen accident, which produces a new character of physiognomy, which, as I told you before, I will style accidental.

I can scarcely refrain from laughing, when I read, in the works of ignorant people, the pitiful reasonings of which they make use, to affix a meaning to the large or small size of the head, the length or shortness of the nose, the fat or meagre state of the body. They grant to all these signs nearly the same signification, with the hope of surprising us by their number, if the proofs they attempt to bring forward be found too weak to convince us. It happens sometimes, that as they repeat the same stories to every being who longs to have his physiognomy explored, they may meet with truth, but they are not in general to be trusted upon. The most apparently perfect symmetry of the shape, the most regular proportions, are not always the heralds of an excellent disposition. How many pleasing tempers do we not often descry beneath a rugged exterior! We are not therefore to judge of the superior qualities of the mind from the beauty or ugliness of its mansion of clay.

The complexion of a face, and conformation of the features, are the most solid foundations upon which our theory may rest. To them I will add also the eyes, those expressive luminaries of the body; and I will give you the scale of the different powers of these signs. The complexion indicates the passions in general; the conformation, or *ensemble*, those that are most habitual to us, and the eyes, their duration, moderation, or excesses.

Whoever has reflected on the principles of our nature, well knows, that the fluids as they circulate through the organized matter with which our bodies are composed, tinge the very outsides of the channels through which they flow, with their predominant colour. Whether through its transparency, or the incessant return of those same fluids to the same places, our skin preserves a shade of their native die, and thus reveals their nature to our knowledge. Their hues are as varied as their motions: some run rapidly, while others move but slowly; some are red, others of a leaden cast, some are yellow, others green and even black. Every one may have remarked that florid visages wear the appearance of cheerfulness, while those of a livid complexion, seem dark and sad. The vivacity of the man endowed with the first may be very great, but will not last, while that of the other knows no end. When I have been told that such a person was of a very lively and excellent temper, easily bursting into a passion but as easily appeased, the sole idea which arose in my mind was that of a fair and florid complexioned man. When I have heard of a gloomy disposition, the hidden fire of which was never extinguished, my imagination presented me with a picture of a pale face. You may remark, that love of pleasure is equally expressed by both; but in the first it will be productive of follies alone, while in the other it may give birth to the most unbridled excesses. The former are capable of sacrificing their lives in the pursuit of enjoyment; the latter, of leading those who accompany them in their wild seach for it, to utter destruction.

Pleasing and lively passions are expressed by lively colours, and the contrary ones by dark hues. It would be of no avail to bring forward the complexion of the Africans to overturn my argument, as the attentive and constant observer will discover as much real difference between their black, as between the white of the Europeans. But we are more used to behold men of our own colour, and seldom find ourselves in company with several negroes, to be able to descry distinctly their every shade. One instance alone will suffice to prove the truth of my argument; is not the blush of modesty widely different from the animated hue of anger? Many people are very sorry not to have the power of checking their blushes in certain cases, either when they betray the consciousness of a fault, or proceed from the pure spring of innocence afraid of being suspected. But no reasoning can persuade me that the reddening shame which overspreads the face of the guilty, can bear any resemblance to the colour which dies the cheeks of the innocent.

Before I finish this letter, I must again repeat, that the complexion being only one of the signs which I have mentioned, it has no weight but with the concurrence of others, and is in itself more liable to error than any other. It denotes the germ of a passion, but not its fruits: education, necessity, the caprices of fortune, and especially the dictates of religion and virtue, the two celestial and inseparable allies, may stifle it in its birth, and the outward appearance may still remain visible, and deceive our observation. In my next I will treat of the conformation or *ensemble* of our bodies, and of the eyes.

E. R.

(*To be continued.*)

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

THE HUNGARIAN GIPSY's SONG.

From Presburg's plain, from Bada's tow'rs,
From old Carpathia's mountains drear,
To bounteous halls and fruitful bow'rs,
We charter'd libertines repair.
There by Danube's silent wave,
Or 'mid the shades of Szelitz's cave,
Our ample feast we share;
While round the bowl in fearless glee,
We sing of love and liberty.

And oft the Vaivod's fur-clad dame,
Soft-smiling thro' her azure veil,
In whispers tells some cherish'd name,
And fondly hears our mystic tale;
While where the honied chesnut dwells,
Or where the melting melon swells
In Semeswara's dale;
We fill the bowl with fearless glee,
And sing of love and liberty.

Now tho' in Alpine woods no more
Our lawless revelry we hide;
Tho' chased from Elba's envied shore
By Saxon wealth and Saxon pride;
Still to this gem-fraught mountain's head,
Or to yon river's golden bed
Our weary feet we guide;
Then round the bowl with fearless glee,
Rejoice in love and liberty.

Clipstone-street. A. V—LL.

TO THE GRASSHOPPER.

Little offspring of the tender spring,
By Zephyr borne on flutt'ring wing;
Thine is Phœbus' cheering mien,
Thine is Ceres' golden reign,
The greenest grass thy humble bed,
On palest primrose rests thy head;
The sweetest gifts of bounteous earth,
That burst spontaneously to birth,
Or grow beneath man's fost'ring hand,
All for thee their buds expand.
For thee, in snowy vesture spread,
The modest Lily rears its head;
For thee around the blushing Rose
Its sweetest, softest, fragance throws;
When wearied, heavy hang thy eyes,
The Poppy then her pow'r applies,
Bid thy light wing to cease its flight,
Till cheer'd by Sol's returning light.
And when stern winter's frowns severe
Proclaim how changed the smiling year,
Its chilling pow'r thou canst defy,
Give Sol a kind adieu—and die.

AN ORIGINAL AIR,

BY A CASMERIAN INDIAN.

When shall we three meet again?
When shall we three meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign
Ere we three shall meet again!

Tho' in distant lands we sigh,
Parch'd beneath a hostile sky,
Tho' the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls;
Still in fancy's rich domain
Oft shall we three meet again.

When around this youthful pine
Moss shall creep and ivy twine,
When our burnish'd locks are grey,
Thinn'd by many a toil-spent day;
May this long-lov'd bow'r remain,
Here may we three meet again!

When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamp is dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade
Beauty, pow'r and fame are laid,
Where immortal spirits reign
Then may we three meet again!

Clipstone-street. A. V—LL.

MARIA, OR THE MOTHER'S DIRGE.

BY WILLIAM CAREY.

DIRGE THE SECOND.

How fragrant is the breath of spring;
The Lark and Linnet, on the wing,
Their wild-wood carrols sweetly sing:
Oh list, how sweet, my daughter.

The morning sky is ting'd with gold:
The landscape lovely to behold:
The groves their vivid buds unfold:
Awake, arise; my daughter.

Art thou so fast in slumber bound?
And is thy chamber so profound?
So barr'd from light and clos'd from sound?
So cold thy bed, my daughter?

No sun thy narrow house can cheer:
No spring, no summer there appear:
No change of season marks the year:
No voice is heard, my daughter.

No play-mate can to thee repair;
Thy bed no lov'd companion share;
The worm alone has entrance there,
The silent worm,—my daughter.

Of late, I mark'd on Avon's side,
The bending lily's silver pride;
Reflected in the crystal tide;
And thought on thee, my daughter.

Alas, in one revolving hour,
A chilling blast, an angry show'r.
Beat down the lovely, ruin'd flow'r;
How like thy fate, my daughter.

The spring is past, it swiftly fled;
For Pain and Sorrow, on thy head,
The phial of affliction shed,
And blighted thee, my daughter.

But ah, the graces of thy mind,
Thy sense and gentleness combin'd,
Thy looks of love and voice so kind,
Can I forget, my daughter?

Since I must quit this fatal place,
Oh could I once more view thy face,
And fold thee in a last embrace,
And press thy hand, my daughter.

Or could I ope' thy lowly shrine,
And lay my burning cheek to thine,
The world, I think, I could resign,
And sleep with thee, my daughter.

LINES

Occasioned by the departure of a Friend for Canada.

UNRUFFLED the wave and unclouded the sky,
The sails gently swelling as kissed by the wind,
Sweet England receding, the passenger's eye
Still look'd but in vain for the prospect behind.

The cliffs proudly rising no more can he view—
(Which the sailor, return'd after many a storm,
Hails with transport as beacons of happiness true,)
Not a shadow is left for sweet fancy to form.

In vain would he catch, at the close of the day,
For the last time, the sound of some far distant bell;
But nought—save the vessel dividing its way,
Is heard—or the boatswain proclaiming "all's well."

Adieu, England! adieu, then my dear native land,
Ye winds on your wings kindly waft my adieu;
Many years must pass by, e'er again on your strand
I may hope the sweet joys of the past to renew.

Down my cheek let the tear be permitted to steal,
At the song I have caroll'd, my bosom to swell;
Believe me, "'tis hard to be parted," I feel—
Believe me, "'tis hard to be saying farewell;"

And perchance too, "for ever." Before I return,
Of those whom I leave with so keen a regret,
Haply some will be gone to that far distant bourne,
And the friend of their youth—haply others forget.

As I dwell on the thought shadows transiently rise,
And my breast, at the sound of "for ever," beats high;
But a glance of sweet sunshine from Anna's bright eyes,
Bids the gloom be no more, and disperses the sigh.

Yes, Anna, with thee I contented will roam;
With thee the wild beauties of nature explore;
As thy falls in the sun, Niagara shall foam,
We with awe will their mighty creator adore.

When the beautiful white bird announces the spring,
And the flowers of the cotton tree glisten with dew;
When their fragrance around palms and cedar-trees fling,
We will far from the dog-star their solitude woo.

When for mirth and for converse the circle we form,
At the social fireside, when snow covers the ground,
We will smile at the boisterous force of the storm,
And pass "to our friends," the sweet sentiment round.

Thus the passenger spoke, till the shadows of night
Stole slowly the bosom of Ocean along;
To its rocky abode the gull winging its flight,
On the breeze of night swelling the mariner's song.

The white bird, mentioned in the 9th verse, is the chief Canadian bird of melody; it is a kind of ortolan, and remarkable for announcing the return of spring.

The cotton-tree is peculiar to Canada; tufts of flowers grow on its top, which, when shaken in the morning, before the dew falls off, produce honey that may be boiled up into sugar; the seed being a pod, containing a very fine kind of cotton.

Immense forests apparently coeval with the world, abound in North America; trees in an endless variety of species, losing themselves in the clouds.

TO A YELLOW BUTTERFLY.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

"Hail, loveliest insect of the Spring!
Sweet buoyant child of Phœbus, hail!
High soaring on thy downy wing,
Or sporting in the sunny vale!

O! lovely is thy airy form,
That wears the Primrose hue so fair;
It seems as if a passing storm
Had rais'd the beauteous flower in air!

Far different from the spotted race
That sultry June's bright suns unfold,
That seek in her fair flow'rs their place,
And proud display their wings of gold.

For, brilliant is their varying dye,
And, basking in the fervid ray,
They in the new blown roses lie,
Or round the opening Cistus play!

But thou, with April's modest flower,
Her Violet sweet of snowy hue,
Tranquil shalt pass the noontide hour,
And sip, content, the evening dew.

Ah, may no frosts thy beauties chill,
No storms thy little frame destroy;
But, sporting gay beside the rill,
May'st thou thy transient life enjoy!

TIME AND CUPID.

His life in travelling always spent,
Old Time, a much renowned wight,
To a wide river's margin went,
And call'd for aid with all his might:
"Will none have pity on my years,
"I that preside in every clime?
"O, my good friends, and passengers,
"Lend, lend a hand to pass old Time!"
Full many a young and sprightly lass,
Upon the adverse bank appear'd,
Who eager sought old time to pass,
On a small bark by Cupid steer'd;
But one, the wisest if I ween,
Repeated oft this moral rhyme—
Ah! many a one has shipwreck'd been,
Thoughtless and gay, in passing Time!
Blythe Cupid soon the bark unmoor'd,
And spread the highly waving sail;
He took old father Time on board,
And gave his canvass to the gale.
Then joyous as he row'd along,
He oft exclaim'd,—"Observe, my lasses,
"Attend the burden of my song,
"How sprightly Time with Cupid passes!"
At length the urchin weary grew,
For soon or late 'tis still the case;
He dropp'd the oar and rudder too—
Time steer'd the vessel in his place.
Triumphant now the veteran cries,
"'Tis now my turn you find young lasses,
"What the old proverb says is wise,
"That Love with Time as lightly passes!"

THE SWALLOW.

Written on board his Majesty's Ship Vengeance, on a Swallow familiarly entering the Ward Room, the Ship being then one hundred leagues from Land.

BY DR. TROTTER.

Welcome hither, airy trav'ler,
Hither rest thy wearied wing,
Though from clime to clime a rev'ler,
Constant to returning spring.

If along the trackless ocean,
Thou by chance hast miss'd the way,
I'll direct thy wav'ring motion,
But a moment with me stay.

I have news of note to freight thee,
Bear a wand'ring sailor's vow,
So shall not dire fate await thee,
Love shall be thy pilot now.

Shun, I pray thee, gentle stranger,
Touch not Gallia's hated shore,
There is death, and certain danger,
She is stain'd with royal gore.*

But to happier Britian tend thee,
Where the milder virtues rove,
And this kiss with which I send thee,
Bear it to my distant love.

Near her window fix thy dwelling,
No rude hand shall do thee wrong,
Safer far than arch or ceiling,
Delia's self shall guard thy young.

There a thousand soft sensations,
Lull the tranquil mind to rest;
Nature there, with fond persuasions,
Oft shall soothe a parent's breast.

Haste then, gentle bird of passage,
When thou leav'st our wint'ry isle,
Bring me back my Delia's message,
Bring a kiss and bring a smile.

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* Perfectly coinciding in sentiment with the author of these stanzas, we cannot forbear observing, that this is a stain which will remain an everlasting blot in the annals of France. While his savage subjects dipped their handkerchiefs and pikes in the blood of the ill fated Louis, he fell,
"By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd."

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR JULY.

FRENCH THEATRE.

MAIDS TO BE MARRIED.

[*Continued from Page* 328, *Vol. II.*]

(*Enter* AGATHE, *in a riding-habit.*)

Agathe. My presence, perhaps, is troublesome?

Pauline. Not in the least, this gentleman was about to leave me. But what means this riding-habit?

Agathe. The weather is so beautiful, that I formed the project of exploring the neighbouring country. But you, my dear sister, what a studied negligence there is in your dress?

Pauline. Studied; I assure you I paid no attention to it.

Sainville (*aside*). Is all this intended to captivate my attention?

Agathe. The old steward goes with me. Will Mr. Sainville be so good as to accompany me, we would hunt by the way. You are fond of the chace.

Sainville. Moderately.

Agathe. I like it passionately, and am glad my taste agrees with yours.

Pauline (*aside*). Very well, my dear Agathe.

Sainville (*aside*). This time it is plain that Corsignac was not mistaken. (*Aloud*). I am very sorry that I must tear myself from your company, but Mr. Jaquemin expects me, and the business in which we are engaged is too important to admit of any delay. My friend Corsignac is at liberty, and may prove a more acceptable companion. (*To Pauline*). I beg you will resume your reading.—(*Aside*). They are mad, or at least very foolish; I'll go in search of Louise. [*Exit.*

Agathe (*aside*). How impertinent to send me to his friend Corsignac!

Pauline (*aside*). He is a true citizen, some successful merchant's son perhaps; he has nothing of a gentleman; what stories Ursule has told me!

Agathe. O that I had not been so difficult in my time!—Mr. Ledoux is now the only one who pays his addresses to me.

Pauline. Hear me, Agathe, we promised to be frank: I had some intentions upon Sainville.

Agathe. So had I, sister.

Pauline. I guessed it, when I saw you dressed like an amazon.

Agathe. The same idea struck me when I perceived you had turned shepherdess.

Pauline. I give him up to you.

Agathe. Had he seen me alone, I might not have been affronted with a refusal, but the charms of four girls younger than I, could not fail when compared with mine, to deprive me of all hope of success.

Pauline. You have acted wrong in treating poor Ledoux so ill.

Agathe. Did you not remark that during breakfast Mr. Corsignac had his eyes constantly fixed upon you.

Pauline. Indeed! well he has at least some originality in him. But stay, it is he who told Ursule that Sainville was a romantic, sentimental swain.

Agathe. You mistake; he told her that Sainville was fond of dashing, hunting, and horses.

Pauline. Are you sure she did not deceive you?

Agathe. No, it is rather through giddiness; but as to Corsignac, he has his views—let yourself be taught by my example, do not refuse him.

Pauline. And be you not so cruel towards your lover Ledoux.

(*Enter* CORSIGNAC.)

Corsignac (*to Pauline*). Vouchsafe to dispel my anxiety, and confirm the truth of what Sainville just now told me. Am I fortunate enough to have been sent for by you.

Pauline. No, Sir; you have been misled, it is my sister who wishes for your company.

Agathe. I am too much your friend for that, and I give up my walk; for I should be sorry to deprive Mr. Corsignac of the pleasure of Pauline's conversation.

Corsignac. Amiable sister; how grateful I feel for your kindness! it encourages me, and plucks my secret from my heart.—(*To Pauline*). I love you to madness.

Pauline. Sir?

Corsignac. Forgive this sudden declaration, but when it is the resistless power of sympathy that acts upon us.

Agathe. Of sympathy!

Corsignac. I am a man such as you want. It is true, I have met with no romantic adventures, but I feel capable of writing novels; and in order to taste the joys of life, I believe it is far preferable to be their author than their hero. We will translate together all the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the English misses, will melt with interest at every stroke of misfortune their imagination shall have

invented. In after times we may perhaps invent some ourselves: and then the delightful pleasure of enriching them we love, will stand within your reach. In a word, I am an honest man, a good natured fellow, I have obtained your guardian's consent, and feel inclined to be for ever in love with my wife. What else could you require.

Pauline. You will permit me, Sir, to look upon this speech as a mere joke.

Corsignac. As you please, only remember that under a veil of pleasantry, many serious affairs may be conducted.

Pauline. Answer this question; what account of your friend Sainville, did you give Ursule.

Corsignac. That which honour and truth dictated to me. But let me dwell a little more on the tender and powerful sentiment which a glance of yours has awakened in my heart.

Pauline. Not yet, think only of assisting my sister.

Corsignac. To be useful to the sister of the person I love so ardently, would indeed make me happy.

Pauline. This morning she received Mr. Ledoux very coldly; and now she repents her imprudence.

Corsignac. I understand you, in a few minutes he will be at her feet. [*Exit*

Agathe. His vivacity is charming—but how could you send him after Mr. Ledoux?

Pauline. Shall I call him back?

Agathe. I do not mean that; but let me know what is your opinion about this Mr. Corsignac.

Pauline. My opinion—hush! here is Louise.

(*Enter* LOUISE)

Pauline. I will be as plain with you, my dear Louise, as I have been with my sister; you may without apprehension of hurting my feelings, marry Sainville; I think no more of him.

Agathe. Nor I either; we resign the conquest; for it is just you should not be disappointed of the husband your father meant to give you. Farewell, I must talk a little in private with my sister.

Louise (*alone*). They yield Sainville to me, have they discovered more of his disposition than Ursule has revealed to me. Always gallant with the ladies, she said; yet he appears so sincere, so open, perhaps I should be able to change him. Should I love, or should I avoid him? —Shall I act a coquette's part?——Yes—I must follow Ursule's advice. O heav'ns! he is coming towards me, and she has forsaken me. I must try to escape him.

(*Enter* SAINVILLE)

Sainville. Do I intrude upon your time, madam? you seem desirous of shunning me, the reception you first gave me, was more favourable; what caprice has so suddenly altered your mind.

Louise. What caprice, Sir, am I accused of being capricious?

Sainville. I fear to dive too deeply into the feelings of your heart.

Louise. You may draw any inferences from them, I never attempt to conceal the state of my soul.

Sainville. As your father's friend you received me with some demonstrations of pleasure, as your intended husband, you seem to detest my presence.

E. R.

[*To be continued.*] p. 108

HAYMARKET.

On Wednesday, July 1, Mr. Young made his appearance in the character of *Don Felix*, in *The Wonder.* He does not appear to have that ease and versatility of countenance, or that vivacity of feeling and variety of expression, which are necessary to a comic actor. His features are stern and unpliable, and his general manner solemn and harsh. Nothing can be more foreign from merriment than his attempt at mirth: his gaiety is too apparently effort, and what humour he brings forth is spoiled by the constraint and labour of its production. To succeed in comedy a man must have a peculiar temperament which no education can give. All the excellencies of the tragic actor may be taught; the comedian's are the gift of nature alone. We can pronounce, therefore, that Mr. Young will never become celebrated as a comic actor.

The general fault of his performance in this character was, that he was boisterous and declamatory; that his jealousy was too much of a tragic cast, and more suited the ravings of an *Othello*, or the phlegmatic acrimonious jealousy of a *Kitely*, than to the busy, bustling, sanguine temperament of *Don Felix.* Altogether, his performance was that of a man of good sense, who was unequal to the character for no other reason than because nature never intended him to perform it.

Mrs. Litchfield's *Violante* was admirable. Her clear, mellow, and harmonious enunciation was excellently fitted for the character. She was at once dignified and tender; she rallied and rebuked her lover with equal ease and nature. Her humour was without constraint, and her dignity without severity. In a word, we know no actress who approaches her in this character but Mrs. Jordan, to whom the comic muse has justly yielded the palm.

MR. YOUNG'S STRANGER.

On Friday, July 3, Mr. Young appeared in

the character of the *Stranger*, and we can say, with justice, that whatever reason we had to condemn him in the character of *Felix*, we feel no inclination but to applaud him, almost without reserve or moderation, in the performance of this difficult part. That solemnity and severeness of style which rendered his comedy ineffective and disagreeable, adapted him in a more peculiar manner to the part of the *Stranger*

His sorrow was truly dignified and simple, his misanthropy was majestic, and the whole of his representation was suited to the tone of feeling of the *Stranger*; it was a warm heart, keenly sensible of injury; a doating husband, with a distempered sensibility of honour; a friend more credulous than prudent; in a word, a man of extensive philanthropy, whose powers of mind, and high wrought delicacy of feeling, served rather to attract misfortune,—to accumulate and fasten it upon him, than to lighten it by a worldly philosophy, and an obvious yielding to the stream. All the features of this varied character, the more subtile distinctions, and nicer traits, were most admirably caught and embodied by Mr. Young in his performance on the above night

His judgment was conspicuous in what may be called the grand style of acting,—in sinking subordinate parts; in other words, in subduing them to the general ease and simplicity of nature, and bringing forward and rendering prominent those parts alone, to which strength and effect belong. His taste was exercised in a just and forcible selection of beauties, as well in the delivery of the dialogue and tone and feeling of the character, as in the choice of attitude and general manner of personation: we can say no more. His correctness never made him languid or mechanical; his warmth was natural feeling, rising by due degrees to its proper height. In the scene in which he relates his misfortunes to *Baron Steinfort*, he was not surpassed by Kemble; and in the reconciliation with his wife, Kemble alone has excelled him.

Mr. Litchfield's *Mrs. Haller* is inferior only to Mrs. Siddons.

On Thursday night, July 16, was produced at this theatre a new melo drama, called *The Fortress*. It is from the pen of Mr. T. Hook, the author of *Tekeli*, and is a free translation from the French. The name of the French piece is *Les Evenements d'un Jour*. The following are the principal

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Governor..........	Mr. CHAPMAN.
Count Everard..........	Mr YOUNG.
Count Adolphus..........	Mr. CARLES.
Oliver................	Mr. DE CAMP.
Vincent	Mr. MATHEWS.
Philip	Mr LISTON.
Thomas	Mr. TAYLOR.
Celestine	Mrs TAYLOR.
Paulina................	Mrs. LISTON.
Alice	Mrs. GIBBS.

Scene, AUSTRIA.

As to the plot of this piece it is simple enough. It is an Escape dramatised—One or two attempts fail; but a guard being put asleep, or his eyes covered, and a great coat thrown over the prisoner, the catastrophe is fortunately brought about It has certainly as much merit as most things of the kind; but, in scientific effect and incident, is inferior to *Tekeli*.

Mr. Hook, jun. is a young man of much talent; and it is to be lamented that he confines himself to translating, and the importation of what is perhaps not very well worth the freight —The chief merit of this Piece, however, is the Music which accompanies it.

The excellence of Mr. Hook, the composer, is not fully understood. He is truly a master; his music has a distinct character of its own. It has the sweetness, the plaintiveness, and simplicity of the Scotch melody, without its weakness and monotony.—It thus produces a pleasing and gradually increasing impression, when listened to with attention. It is strictly the music which is suited to Silvan scenery; to Gondolas gliding through the waters on a summer's evening—to any thing that is tranquil, placid, and Arcadian. He neither excels in gaiety or greatness; his music has too much sentiment for the one, and too much regularity for the other. In the pastoral kind of music (we mean the Italian pastoral) where simplicity does not preclude elegance, nor nature science, Mr Hook is not only the first master of his time, but we believe, without exception that he is perfectly at the head of this species.

There is one song in this piece peculiarly in this master's best manner. The words, we believe, were

"*The village in which I was born.*"

From some accident, however, the whole effect of this song was spoilt by a most barbarous inelegance—a strain of peculiar sweetness was terminated by a full *burthen*, or symphony, or whatever they call it, of *Tol, lol, de, rol, lol*; and which Mr. Taylor, to mend the matter, gave with infinite fun. Surely this should be omitted, as the song alluded to is the sweetest in the whole piece.

To conclude, this *Melo-Drama* was received with great applause, and must prove extremely popular.